MEN WITH A MISSION

LORD LAWRENCE

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LORD LAWRENCE.

MEN WITH A MISSION.

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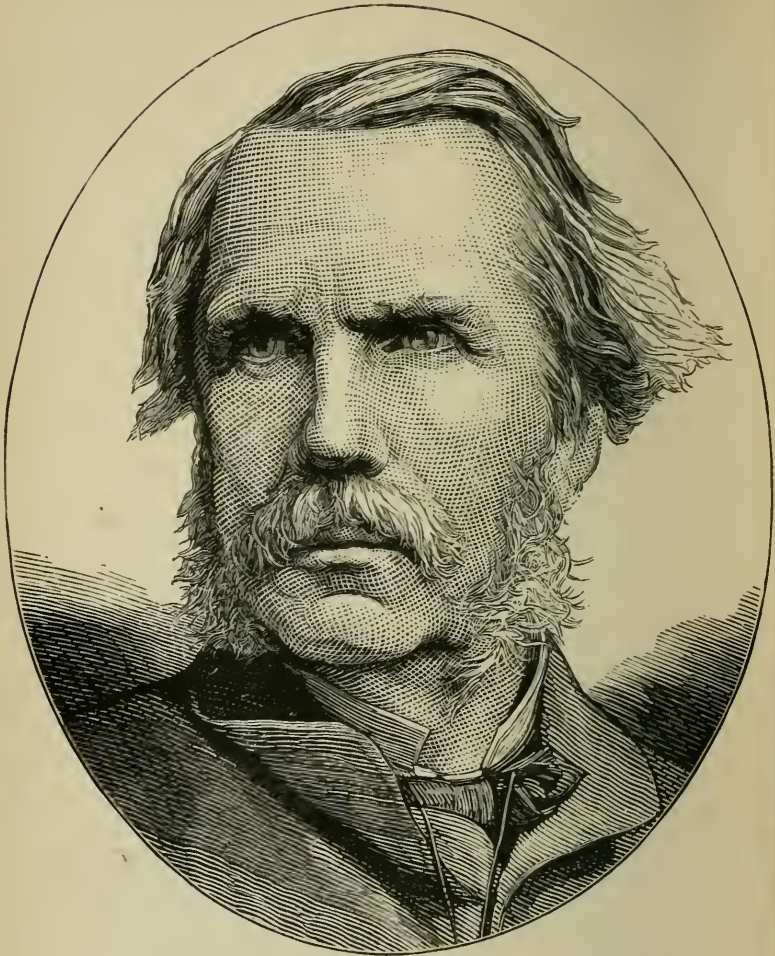

LORD LAWRENCE.

(From Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.)

MEN WITH A MISSION.

LORD LAWRENCE.

BY

REV. JAMES J. ELLIS,

AUTHOR OF

"MARKED FOR DEATH," "THE MESSAGES OF CHRIST," ETC. ETC.

"A name and a fame above the blight
Of earthly breath,
Beautiful—beautiful and bright,
In life and death."—HEMANS.

SUP Lawrence, Lord

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

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PREFACE.

JOHN, LORD LAWRENCE, was not only the saviour of India and a type of lofty statesmanship, but one of those men whose natures are essentially noble, and therefore, quite apart from his deeds, a study of his character will always be instructive to men.

He was peculiarly British in his loyalty to right, in his simple modesty, and in his contempt for all the embroidery that sometimes is used to conceal baseness and folly.

The moral influence of such men, as he was, upon both European and native character, must be immensely beneficial—indeed, a missionary influence of the highest type and kind. For there are two ways of commending a truth; the one is by urging it upon the understanding and heart, with all the arguments that a strong sense of its value can dictate; and the other is by so living it that others may desire it for the strength and force that it is

seen to impart to its possessor. It is well if both virtues are combined, and both lip and life commend the truth; but when they are not, the eloquence of the life is far more convincing than that of the lips. Lord Lawrence, during the whole of his long career, exhibited to the races of India the spectacle of a man who endeavoured under all circumstances to do the right, to walk in the narrow path of duty even when duty possibly meant death; and, above all, of one who strove to set "It ought" above "It pays."

Such lives should never be forgotten, for they are the most convincing sermons that can ever be preached to men.

India has been the training-school and home of many heroes, but among them all there are none among her many princely men, whose claims to reverence and honour surpass the merits of him whom Britain proudly honours as the man "who tried to do his duty."

HARRINGAY, LONDON, *February* 1891.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

1811–1829.

THE SON OF THREE KINGDOMS; OR, EDUCATED BY KICKS.

PAGE

"EDUCATED BY KICKS"—THE YOUNG CHAMPION—KNOWING WHEN TO BE SILENT—"A SOLDIER I WAS BORN, AND A SOLDIER I WILL BE"—ENCOURAGING GOOD WORKERS IS HELPING GOD 1

CHAPTER II.

1829–1846.

GOOD WORK BRINGS GOOD LUCK.

"A COUNTRY WITH NO CASTLES"—TRACKING THIEVES—WHEN HE IS ANGRY—"THE CALAMITY"—THE ENGLISH RULE IN DANGER—"A NICE OLD GENTLEMAN" 11

CHAPTER III.

1846–1856.

A FRIEND TO THE PEPPER-POT; OR, THE MAN WHO KNEW HIS OWN MIND.

PAGE

"A STRAIGHTFORWARD RUNNER"—"IT WILL BE ALL RED SOON"—"I WANT TO PUT MY OWN STAMP ON IT"—MURDER IN SPORT—"ONLY A BIT OF GLASS"—A PEPPER-POT—LAWRENCE K.C.B. 26

CHAPTER IV.

1856–1857.

"PRESS ON! PRESS ON!" OR, PACE IS POWER.

"ON A VOLCANO"—TRUE TO HIS SPOKEN WORD—NO ARREARS—TO STAND STILL IS FATAL—THE TELEGRAMS—"BETTER QUICKLY, SO IT BE WELL DONE" . 39

CHAPTER V.

1857–1858.

THE MAN WHO TRIED, AND WHO DID HIS DUTY.

ENLARGING ONE'S IDEA OF HUMANITY—A GLOW OF WORK—DEATH OF SIR HENRY—"THESE ARE MY MONKEYS"—A PASSING CLOUD—STORM OF DELHI—"CLEMENCY CANNING" 52

CHAPTER VI.

1857–1864.

THE MAN WHO STOOD SENTRY OVER HIMSELF.

PAGE

STANDING SENTRY OVER HIMSELF—"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING"—"DO YOU FEAR GOD OR THE MESS?"—CHRISTIAN THINGS IN A CHRISTIAN WAY—"WON'T SOMETHING HAPPEN WHEN HE GOES?"—SENT OUT AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL—SIMPLICITY AND KINDNESS TO CHILDREN 64

CHAPTER VII.

1864–1879.

THE MAN WHOSE WORD WAS AS GOOD AS A TREATY.

UNPLEASANT WORK—JUST AND KIND—HOME AGAIN—AT WORK—PEERAGE—VIEW OF LIFE AND WORK . 75

LORD LAWRENCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE SON OF THREE KINGDOMS; OR, EDUCATED BY KICKS.

"I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-willed imp, a grandame's child;
But, half a plague and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caressed."—SCOTT.

"Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that feeling gave;
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave."—MOORE.

"For thyself thou wast not born, but to fulfil the inscrutable decrees of thy Creator. Let thy safety-word be 'Onward.' If thou tarry, thou art overwhelmed. Courage!"—GEORGE BORROW.

1811–1829.

"EDUCATED BY KICKS"—THE YOUNG CHAMPION—KNOWING WHEN TO BE SILENT—"A SOLDIER I WAS BORN, AND A SOLDIER I WILL BE"—ENCOURAGING GOOD WORKERS IS HELPING GOD.

"FOR my part, my education consisted in kicks. I never was taught anything," said Sir Henry Law-

rence, the heroic defender of Lucknow, and of course with some exaggeration.

"I was flogged every day of my life at school except one, and then I was flogged twice," adds his younger brother, John, Lord Lawrence, of whose life we shall treat.

Which training, although less pleasant than the sugar-candy and plum-cake nurture, at present too much in vogue, was most suitable for such boys. A certain amount of kicking must go into every life, and a man shows what he is by the manner in which he endures the process.

Some men, indeed, are kicked out of existence, as was poor Keats; but others become stronger for trouble, until they are able to endure opposition, like Johnson, who, asked how he felt when his work was hissed, replied, "Like the Monument." Johnson had been well kicked in early life, and he therefore could stand a stray stroke or two from the heels of ignorance.

John, Lord Lawrence, was born on the 4th of March 1811, at Richmond in Yorkshire. Three kingdoms may claim him as their offspring, for while he was born in England, his parents were Irish of Scotch descent.

His mother was a descendant of John Knox, of whom the Regent Murray said as he looked into his grave, "There lies he who never feared the face of man."

"Both my father and mother possessed much

character," said Lord Lawrence. "She had great administrative qualities. She kept the family together and brought us all up on very slender means. When I was going out to India, she made me a speech somewhat to the following effect: 'I know you do not like advice, and so will not give you much. But pray recollect two things — Don't marry a woman that has not a good mother, and don't be too ready to speak your mind. It was the rock on which your father shipwrecked his prospects.'"

A noble woman, and a wise one also, with a touch of that toughness and talent that are a part of the Scotch character.

The husband of this heroine, Alexander Lawrence by name, had made his way steadily to the rank of colonel. He also had received a training of kicks, and only by sheer valour and persistence did he at last obtain his rank. At the siege of Seringapatam he had headed the forlorn hope, and when the storming party halted to fire, he had led them through the breach, and thus secured the city.

He was supposed to be dying when the ship started for England, but the Colonel would not be carried to the boat. He said to his wife "Catherine, stand aside!" and folding his cloak about him, the sick veteran marched himself down to the boat. An almost Spartan, with a tender love for his children that prevented his discipline from repressing their noble aspirations.

"If you are ever brought before a court-martial, sir, never let me see your face again," said he to his eldest son when he left home for India. A man so sturdy in his poverty, that when a wealthy friend, wishing to aid the Colonel, offered to adopt two of his children, he resented the help and said, "God gave me the children, and meant me to keep them, not to give them away to other people."

Altogether a strong, kindly man, with a keen sense of duty, and a most steadfast determination to perform it at all costs—the very man to survive kicking and to return it with interest.

"My father's a clebber fellow," said Nasmyth when a boy; and so might his sons have said of Colonel Alexander Lawrence. And they might have added far more; for he was not only clever, but, as far as his light went, a Christian after a robust type and fashion.

John Lawrence was the sixth son of this noble couple, and during his childhood he was trained by one of the best sisters ever granted to man. Max Müller says that the word "sister" denotes one who pleases or consoles. Letitia Lawrence was in this sense a true sister to her brothers.

Two of his childish troubles especially concentrated her love upon John. First, one day she found that a hot coal had lodged between his cap-strings and his cheek; the sorrow and suffering this caused to the child endeared him to his gentle sister. Then, at the age of five years he had a bad attack of oph-

thalmia. This necessitated his confinement to a darkened room for more than a year. His sister and nurse tended him with loving care, and he, with subtle delicate tenderness, could distinguish by its feeling the hand of either. Verily a child of some gentleness. Of this nurse Lord Lawrence delighted to relate an adventure which happened when he was ten years of age. The family were at Ostend, and John obtained permission to accompany her to a provision shop. The nurse proffered a £5 note in payment for goods she purchased, which note the shopkeeper chose to believe stolen. This worthy took the poor woman before a magistrate, whereupon, in as loud a voice as he could manage, little John Lawrence spoke up thus: "Why, sir, it's our old nurse Margaret; she is a very good woman, and all that she says is quite true. I came to the market with her to buy our food, and papa gave her the money. I think that if you will let her go you will do right, as my papa knows that what I say is quite true." The child's advocacy and downrightness were successful, and he carried off the nurse in triumph.

At the age of eight John Lawrence was sent to school at Clifton, Bristol. There one winter's day he and a schoolfellow attempted to climb the St. Vincent's rocks, not then spanned by the Suspension Bridge. Snow covered the ground to the depth of two or three inches, but the boys were not daunted by the peril. Their hands were be-

numbed, but they had then gone too high to be able to descend safely. They therefore climbed higher, looking to see that they had hold, but not able to feel. Somehow they gained the top of the Down, and then, without a word about the peril, the two friends silently continued their walk. Altogether a silent, resourceful, patient, just man, who *would* finish what he began, was this John Lawrence.

Two other incidents are recorded of this school-life. His brother, Henry, was at the same school, and one day the schoolmaster fiercely denounced one of the ushers. He termed him "a viper that he (the master) had harboured in his bosom!" Waxing more wroth, and consequently more reckless in his speech, this teacher said that one boy who had sided with the unfortunate usher was an "assassin who had wounded his master." John, astounded at this awful speech, asked his brother Henry who this dreadful criminal could be. With the superior wisdom of six added years, Henry said calmly, "I am the assassin!"

On another occasion Henry got up early one morning.

"Where are you going?" asked John, who slept in the same room.

"To Brandon Hill to fight Thomas, the bully of the school."

"May I come too?"

"Yes, if you like," answered Henry.

"Who is to be your second?" asked John.

"You, if you like."

Thomas did not keep the appointment, and so the fight did not come off after all.

Many people on principle believe that all fighting is wrong. In judging of this incident, we must remember that the Colonel counselled his boys thus: "If a boy strikes you, and you do not hit him back, you are no son of mine."

Henry was a noble boy of whom Mrs. Lawrence was justly proud. His mother, while he was an infant, was asked if she had brought home any diamonds from his birthplace, Matura, in Ceylon, where they then abounded. In reply she called her nurse and child into the room. Mrs. Lawrence pointed to the child and said, "This is my Matura diamond!"

While a schoolboy he once hurled a stone that smashed a pane of glass. He went at once to the principal and reported the offence. "I've come to say, sir, that I've broken a window."

"Henry will distinguish himself," said a friend to his sister Letitia. "All your brothers will do well, I think, but Henry has such steadiness and resolution, that you'll see him come back a general. He will be Sir Henry Lawrence before he dies."

No one thought about predicting a brilliant future for John, and yet he was quite Henry's equal.

At the age of twelve John was sent to college at Londonderry, in Ireland. Here he stayed for two years.

"To patrons I owe nothing. The man who de-

pends upon patrons will probably have a smooth way down to failure and nothingness," says Dr. Parker, with great truth. John Lawrence never had a patron, nor did he require one, but he had many friends. One friend especially he had, a friend who had already secured appointments for his three brothers. This friend offered John Lawrence a post in the Indian Civil Service. It was a good chance, and a chance of doing good service and of proving his capacities is all that a young man ordinarily requires, but does not always obtain. But the choice was not to John's mind. "A soldier I was born, and a soldier I will be," he declared. But his sister's counsels at length prevailed, and, in spite of his military instincts, John Lawrence went to the East India College for civil servants at Haileybury.

Here he distinguished himself, but, like most other heroes, he was not precocious or noteworthy. He was "that tall thin Irishman," "a rough diamond, but a diamond," and so forth. Little did men know that the rugged, uncouth youth was to be worth an army to England, and by his skill and persistence to trample out the terrible mutiny that was to test and change the British rule.

> "His after fate no man can guess;
> Let none despond, let none despair."

Dean Howson calls attention to the phrase which is used about St. Paul (Acts ix.), "He is a chosen vessel." "The word itself expresses simply what is

made for some use, and is absolutely helpless and dead except so far as it is applied to such use."

John Lawrence was indeed a chosen vessel, for he was a soul that was formed for a use, but the use was not as yet seen.

Wherefore, O friend and brother, take comfort; your special characteristics qualify you for a service peculiarly your own, for you too are formed for a purpose which will help on the work of God among men. Unless you find your special mission and perform it, you will be helpless and dead. Beau Nash lived to invent a neckcloth, to wear a white hat, and to die in contempt! John Lawrence was a vessel used to preserve an empire. Is it not a noble ambition to somehow gladden life by doing good and trampling down evil? For we too are born that we may repress the mutiny of sin, and bring in the reign of righteousness, mercy, and peace.

John Lawrence, while at college, used his time well, and he attributed all his success to his sister's gentle incentive and counsels. Was not part of his after success, therefore, of her achievement? And should she not be remembered as having encouraged a worker to do his best?

On the Assyrian sculptures there are men who are depicted as encouraging those that pull at the ropes. They themselves touch not a rope, but by voice and gesture they incite others to do their very best; and in doing this they do more to

move the mass than if they took their place in the ranks.

There are some feeble sickly lives that seem continued below for no other reason than that they may incite others to service. Letitia Lawrence was of this high nobility, and in the next life she cannot miss her reward. May it be ours not only to pull at the ropes, but to encourage those who also work; —to put heart into them, as the Assyrian said.

CHAPTER II.

GOOD WORK BRINGS GOOD LUCK.

"He ruled them; men may rule the worst
By ever daring to be first."—BYRON.

"I know that obedience is noble, but danger is nobler still."—HYPATIA.

"There are few positions, however difficult, from which dogged resolution and perseverance may not liberate you."—LAVENGRO.

1829–1846.

"A COUNTRY WITH NO CASTLES"—TRACKING THIEVES—WHEN HE IS ANGRY—"THE CALAMITY"—THE ENGLISH RULE IN DANGER—"A NICE OLD GENTLEMAN."

"THOUGH I have had kind invitations enough to visit America," says Ruskin in "Præterita," "I could not even for a couple of months live in a country so miserable as to possess no castles."

India also possesses no castles, but it has a great historic past, which, for some reason or other, has charmed and influenced the successive races who have ruled that great dependency. If

"Britain, carrying sword and flame,
Won an empire, lost her name,"

at the first, she has long since nobly redeemed her errors by heroic efforts to benefit the races who live there subject to her rule.

On the 2nd of September 1829, John Lawrence left Portsmouth for India. With him sailed his elder brother, Henry, and his sister, Honoria. The Lawrence family were tenderly attached to each other, and it was a mutual joy for the exiles thus to travel together. But they were only together for a time, for on the 9th of February 1830 they reached Calcutta, and then Henry went on to the North-West frontier to join his regiment of foot-artillery, while John remained at Fort William in order there to study the native languages. Left alone, John Lawrence felt so despondent and lonely, that he would have been glad of any chance of returning again to England. At length, having passed the needful examination, he was, at his own request, gazetted to Delhi. The very position of Delhi marks it out as the meeting-place of nations and the battle-ground of India. In this city there then survived the debauched court of the once powerful Mogul Emperor. With mistaken generosity, the English had permitted to this sovereign a mock state which was ere long to threaten the existence of their rule in India.

No more arduous post could have been found than that of Resident in such a city as Delhi; a city which ruled an area of about 800 square miles, inhabited by about 500,000 of the most restless, fanatical, and

brave of all the native races. Here John Lawrence remained for five years as assistant-judge and magistrate. At the termination of this period of probation he was placed in charge of the Northern Division of the Delhi district. This is the great battle-plain of India, the Belgium of the Peninsula. The chief station of this territory is Paniput.

His primary duty was to see that the land-tax, which forms the staple revenue of the Indian Government, was paid, and subordinately to this he was required to see justice done; indeed, generally to rule the province.

The natives soon found that "Jan Larens Sahib" was not a man to be trifled with. They had been accustomed to cheat the revenue with impunity; such a deed was not to be thought of now.

A village that, relying upon its strong walls, had long refused to pay the tax, was suddenly surrounded during the night-time, and all the cattle as they went forth to pasture were turned back. In vain did the natives plead for exemption; they were told that the money must be paid or the cattle must remain within the village. The threat was sufficient; before sunset the money was forthcoming, and the cattle were permitted to go forth to the pastures.

Such intense interest did Lawrence feel in his work, that when once he lay ill in bed he was only roused from what might have been his last sleep by the news that a beggar had complained that under

the rule of Larens Sahib rogues were punished, and taxes were paid; in short, it was a hard thing for criminals to live at all. This speech stirred the apparently dying man to new vigour and life. Work to such a man was positive happiness, and he did his duty well.

It is related that during this period he went in haste to a burning village. One old woman refused to leave her flaming house because no one could carry out a sack of corn which was her worldly all. John Lawrence himself seized the sack and carried it to a place of safety, and then the woman was willing to leave the burning house. And yet next day he could not even lift the sack from the ground.

Many stories are related of his vigilance, skill, and success in tracing out crime.

Thus in March 1835 news came that an English officer had been shot, and no clue existed as to the murderer, except that it was hinted that a neighbouring Rajah had a private quarrel with the deceased officer. Lawrence visited this chief's house, and noticed that a horse stood tethered in the court-yard. His keen eye detected some marks on the hoofs, and it flashed upon him that the horse's shoes had been reversed. One of his natives observed that between the front and hind hoofs there was a difference of a straw's breadth. This was the exact difference in the tracks that had been seen near the place where the crime had been committed. Then it was learned that a servant of the Rajah's was

absent, and gradually the crime was brought home to the man.

Another time he set out to capture a notorious robber, but when he reached a river he found that the ferryboats had been removed.

"We must swim it," he said; but his followers were afraid of the quicksands in the river-bed.

"Well, you cowards may do what you like, but I am going," said Lawrence, and he plunged into the stream. His example was infectious, and the timid natives took to the water. One of them, however, was well nigh drowned in the passage; Lawrence saw his danger, and turned back and saved his life. When they arrived at the village, the murderer ran along the flat roofs of the houses pursued by Lawrence. The man leaped from the roof with safety, but his pursuer dislocated his ankle by too big a jump, and so lost his prey.

Tidings came one day that a widow had been robbed of a large sum of money. Just before, she had been excused from paying a tax on the ground of her supposed poverty. The native police discovered that there was a hole in the wall through which a hand had been thrust, and thus the door had been opened. The tracks of two thieves were discovered leading to the house, and from the tracks it appeared that only one had left it.

The track of this one man led up to a house in which the widow's nephew lived. The nephew, however, had never been into his aunt's house, and

knew nothing of the treasure, which had been stored in two pots hidden beneath the ground. But no traces of the thief could be discovered for a long time, until one of the men declared that an eye had glistened from the air-hole of some vaults. These cellars were examined, and the thief was at length detected. The money was concealed in the vault near him, and it was discovered and restored to the widow, who carried it off, because she refused to intrust it to a bank.

In 1837 Lawrence left the scene of these adventures, and went back to his former subordinate position in Delhi. Within three months he was promoted to be acting magistrate and collector in the city itself. This post he held for six months, and then he was placed in charge of the southern division of Delhi territory. Two thousand square miles, containing a population of seventy thousand souls, were thus subject to his rule. Half of these were Hindus and half were Mohammedans. The character of the people may be seen from their favourite adage, "The buffalo belongs to him who holds the bludgeon."

The Mohammedans of this district petitioned to be allowed to kill a cow that they might indulge in the luxury of fresh meat. Lawrence gave the permission, whereupon, after in vain attempting violence, the Hindoos put in practice "the plan of campaign," and boycotted the Muslims. They refused to open their shops, and maintained this

attitude for twenty-two days. But they had to deal with a strong man. Lawrence himself imported grain and sold it to the natives, and thus, in due time, he brought the mutineers to reason.

In November 1838, John Lawrence, being now known to be a capable man, was sent to take charge of Etawa, a district near Agra and Mynpoorie. Here a recent terrible drought had produced the nameless and numerous horrors of famine, in addition to the misery which is the ordinary and apparently inevitable lot of the poor.

Near the house in which he resided there stood the shrine of an idol. This was supposed to be the goddess of small-pox, then as now, the scourge of India. Mothers presented their children to this block of wood, at the same time substituting the offering of a male lamb for the child, thereby hoping to secure its exemption from the scourge. The crafty priests were not dismayed if the child, which was thus atoned for, died; all that could be done then was to increase the offering the next time that the parents visited the shrine! Alas for those whose hope in life rested on a block of wood! "They bear him upon the shoulder, they carry him, and set him in his place, and he standeth; from his place shall he not remove; yea, one shall cry unto him, yet can he not answer, nor save him out of his trouble" (Isaiah xlvi. 7).

This station was one of the worst that Lawrence ever occupied, yet he was equal to it, and did not

suffer his energies to rust. One of his friends inquired of one of the natives if John Lawrence worked well, and if he made his subordinates work.

"Doesn't he?" replied the man. "When he is in anger his voice is like a lion's roar, and the pens tremble in the hands of the writers all round the room." Evidently a man whom it was as well not to offend, and who knew how to make himself feared by the slothful and evil-doers.

Towards the end of the year 1839 Lawrence was seized with jungle-fever. For more than a month his life was in peril; indeed, one evening the doctor took leave of his patient believing that he would die during the night-time. But the next morning the doctor found John Lawrence sitting at his desk hard at work upon his accounts. A sort of man who would not tamely submit, and who could rouse himself so as to throw off disease. This was like Hannington, who was more than once left in the road as dead, and who astonished his bearers by walking into the camp. "Black men would lie down by the side of the road," said they, "and die like a sheep." This is one difference between the black and white, the strong energy and dauntless will-power of the latter.

John Lawrence did not regain his strength very readily, and he therefore returned to England as an invalid. He must have been of a splendid physique, for on his first voyage out, while enfeebled

by sickness, he would lift and hold out at arm's length a cannon-ball that few of his fellow-passengers could lift.

In June 1840 he reached our shores, and, invalid as he was, not only to find health, but also during his two years of furlough to find that best of blessings—a good wife.

Many changes had occurred during his absence in India. He found that his widowed mother was then residing at Clifton. During his absence in India his favourite sister, Letitia, had married a clergyman named Hayes.

During his stay in England he looked out for what he jocosely called "the calamity," by which term he meant a wife. This "calamity" he found in Harriette Catherine Hamilton, the daughter of an Irish clergyman. Happily, his marriage, which took place in August 1841, proved no calamity to him, but, as he himself said, "the most important, and certainly the happiest step in my life. . . . My wife has been to me everything that a man could wish or hope for."

Bosworth Smith relates an incident which is most significant and cannot be left out. "John Lawrence was sitting one evening in his drawing-room at Southgate with his wife, his sister Letitia, and other members of the family, and all of them were engaged in reading. Looking up from his book, in which he had been engrossed, he discovered, to his surprise, that his wife had left the

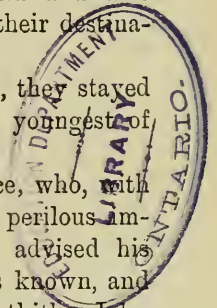
room. 'Where's mother?' said he to one of his daughters. 'She's upstairs,' replied the girl. He returned to his book, and looking up again a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter, and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading, and once more he looked up with the same question on his lips. His sister Letitia here broke in, 'Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on for five minutes without your wife.' 'That's why I married her,' replied he."

Altogether such a man as not only was able to rule wild natives and to restore order in a turbulent province, but also to make a home wherever he was. Such a man deserved a happy home, and he had one.

The bride and bridegroom visited various places on the Continent. They were at Naples when the news of the massacre at Cabul came home to England. George Lawrence, the elder brother of John, was among the army which was reported as destroyed. John Lawrence at once hurried back to London. Here he was taken seriously ill, and the doctors forbade him to return again to India. "If I can't live in India, I must go and die there," he replied.

Accordingly, on the 1st October 1842, he left Southampton with his young wife, and on 14th November of the same year they reached Bombay. Ten days were spent in sight-seeing, and then they

started for the North-West Provinces. They were compelled to abandon the direct and shortest route, and go through the Central Provinces, which were then but little known. Both husband and wife were ill, but they pushed forward to their destination through every obstacle.



At Cawnpore, afterwards of ill fame, they stayed a month with Richard Lawrence, the youngest of the Lawrence brothers.

Soon after they met George Lawrence, who, with other survivors, had escaped from a perilous imprisonment in Afghanistan. George advised his brother to go to Delhi, where he was known, and this counsel was taken. Upon his way thither John Lawrence learned that he had been appointed civil and sessions judge for the period of one month. Before the termination of the month John Lawrence was appointed to a district not far from Paniput. His headquarters here were at Kurnal.

Here he met with his brother Henry, who came to him for help to suppress an insurrection in a neighbouring state.

Kurnal was at the time a pest-house, and that owing entirely to English blunders. As a safeguard against famine, canals had been cut, but these had been neglected, and had become a source of disease. Then, too, rice had been largely cultivated, and the marshy land needful for its growth came right up to the bungalows.

Two evils especially excited his indignation, one of

which was the system of borrowing from the natives their carts and beasts of burden whenever the Government and court moved to the hills. No money adequately compensated the owners for this forcible detention of what they often required for harvest-work. Then the awful degradation of the Hindoo women excited his indignation; he rightly saw that this lay beneath every other question of social or religious reform. No nation can rise higher than its estimate of women, and its social and moral condition is best gauged by the purity, influence, and moral force of its mothers, wives, and daughters.

Another miserable class was the lepers, one of whom actually petitioned that he might be buried alive, after the cruel custom of his people. The man himself sent a petition, and then personally urged his request. Lawrence of course refused to permit this to be done, but the man was actually buried alive.

In November 1843 John Lawrence was appointed magistrate and collector of Delhi and Paniput. This was a welcome addition to his income, which now had to provide for Kate, his eldest child, who was born June 1843.

Thus gradually and slowly John Lawrence made his way from the ranks to a position of trust and authority, which, however, was anything but an adequate reward for his long services. In his case, as with all other noble men, there came at length the opportunity, which he knew well how to seize.

On the 11th of November 1845, Lord Hardinge, then Governor-General of India, met him. Lord Hardinge had to inherit the wrong-doing of Lord Ellenborough, and to provide against the discontent which had arisen from our annexation of Scinde. As a consequence of this ill-feeling, on the 11th of December the Sikhs took up arms, and a force of 60,000 soldiers and 40,000 camp-followers, with 150 heavy guns, entered British territory.

No one had expected this attack, but the British were ready for their brave foes. Two divisions of the British army were attacked at Moodkee by the Sikh force. The Sikhs were repulsed, but they had profited so well by their training under French and Italian officers that the British waited for reinforcements before attempting to assail the Sikh main body. This was entrenched in the form of a horseshoe at the village of Ferozepore. The earth-works were defended by a hundred pieces of artillery.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Lord Gough ordered his army to storm these entrenchments. The Sikhs knew how to work their guns, and their infantry stood firm and hurled back the attack of their assailants. This was a new experience to the British, and during the night it seemed as if the spell of their ascendancy had been broken. The Governor-General well understood the peril of the crisis; he did his utmost to inspirit his troops, and he himself led them to an attack upon one huge gun that had made havoc in their ranks.

The next day the Sikhs were defeated, and their reserve force retreated instead of attacking the British, who had been thirty-six hours without food.

During this night of horrors, General (then Colonel) Havelock was found asleep with his head pillowed on a bag of gunpowder. Lord Hardinge reproved him for the rash act. "I am so tired," he said.

The evening saw the Sikhs in full retreat. During this critical time John Lawrence had worked hard to provide the army with needful stores.

On the 10th of February the Sikhs were once more in motion, and at Sobraon they were met and defeated with great slaughter.

The Punjab was now at Lord Hardinge's mercy; he annexed part of it, the Jellunder Doab, and John Lawrence was appointed commissioner of the new district.

This dangerous honour involved great personal danger, and it required the highest administrative abilities; it had come to him as a reward for the manner in which he had performed the work that he found ready to hand. Carlyle's advice to Dean Stanley might have been spoken to John Lawrence, for he certainly acted upon it.

"Dearly beloved Roger, whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

"High offices in Church or State may fill even ordinary men with a force beyond themselves."

"Every position in life, great or small, may be made as great or as little as we desire to make it."

In all, and in spite of all his anxieties, John Lawrence retained his love for fun. Sometimes this took the form of a practical joke, as when he drove his elephant beside another on which rode the Military Secretary of India, a gentleman whose temper verged upon the irritable.

Lawrence bade one of his friends enter the secretary's howdah, saying that the secretary was a very nice old gentleman, who would welcome him with open arms. In order to prevent himself from falling between the elephants, the man had to clasp the "nice old gentleman" round the neck; whereat the victim roared, and when he learned who had devised the trick, he shouted, "I'll pay off Master John for this!"

Altogether a most estimable person, but by no means the man to appreciate Jans Larens Sahib and his fun.

CHAPTER III.

A FRIEND TO THE PEPPER-POT; OR, THE MAN WHO KNEW HIS OWN MIND.

"It never was our guise
To slight the poor, or aught humane despise."
—HOMER.

"All truth is calm,
Refuge and rock and tower;
The more of truth the more of calm;
Its calmness is its power.
Calmness is truth,
And truth is calmness still;
Truth lifts its forehead to the storm
Like some eternal hill."—H. BONAR.

"Every man truly lives so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself."—RELIGIO MEDICI.

1846–1856.

"A STRAIGHTFORWARD RUNNER"—"IT WILL BE ALL RED SOON"—"I WANT TO PUT MY OWN STAMP ON IT"—MURDER IN SPORT—"ONLY A BIT OF GLASS"—A PEPPER-POT—LAWRENCE K.C.B.

"I HOPE that I shall be always straightforward," said Bishop Fraser; and his biographer testifies that

one of the strong points of his character was that he was always thus natural.

The like may be said of John Lawrence; and his promotion to a high post only developed these characteristics. As a ruler he had no airs, and he was downright and without deceit in all that he did. He indeed required all his strength, for the province which had been handed over to him was in a deplorable condition, and in addition to exhaustion and smouldering discontent, one district of it bristled with hill-fortresses, which were all so many possible perils whenever any chance of harming the British occurred.

He settled down at once to his work, and impressed the chiefs with his three requirements. He made them repeat them aloud, so that there might be no mistake about his meaning; they were: "Thou shalt not burn thy widow; thou shalt not kill thy daughters; thou shalt not bury alive thy daughters."

Such a man must either be obeyed or resisted; and while the province generally submitted to his strong rule, in the hill-country three hundred Sikhs determined to make a stand for independence. They closed the gates of their chief fortress and fired upon the English officers. Lawrence hurried to the spot, and, to the amazement of the garrison, he brought some heavy guns over the sharp rocks. This speedily brought the besieged to their senses, and without losing a man Lawrence obtained more than the fort. He showed that he could and would

be obeyed, and this, after all, is the chief and first requirement of a ruler.

The first proof of his ascendancy was that, in spite of immemorial custom, the natives were persuaded to pay their taxes in money rather than in kind, a measure which was fraught with momentous consequences to them.

A greater difficulty, which was, however, grappled with as bravely, was the practice of infanticide. The people refused to discontinue this horrible custom. "You must do it or give up your lands," said Lawrence to one chief, and the man surrendered his lands rather than promise not to kill his infant daughters.

One great danger his keen instincts discovered, but unhappily his counsels were not heeded. He advised that, instead of drawing our Sepoys from Oude, the hill-tribes should be enlisted. Had his warning been heeded, the mutiny might have been averted.

But although his advice was not taken, his services were highly valued by the Governor-General. His brother, Henry Lawrence, had been exhausted by his labours at Lahore, and, while he was absent on sick leave, John Lawrence got through his own work, and added to it his brother's duties. They were not light, for now Runjit Sing was dead.

Lahore, the capital city of the Punjab, was during the lifetime of the great Sikh chief at peace with the British. The chief who built up the great Sikh

dominion once asked for a map of India. After looking steadily at the vast extent of the British possessions, which were coloured red, he said sadly, "It will soon all be red." At his death an infant son was acknowledged as Rajah, although the real power remained in the hands of the boy's mother. The Sikhs despised but tolerated this woman, and in desperation she and her paramour, Lal Sing, provoked the first Sikh war, which rent from them the territory which John Lawrence now ruled. Henry Lawrence was placed at Lahore, the Sikh capital, in order to control the tyranny of the Queen-mother, and generally to prevent mischief.

This work John Lawrence now took up, although his views differed from those of his brother. John Lawrence believed that there was an utter want of truth and honour in all the Sikh chiefs, and he did not scruple to say so.

Unmoved by the threats of the Queen-mother, he brought her paramour to trial for treasonable practices, and when he was convicted, banished him from the Punjab. But in all and through all he longed, for various reasons, to get back to his own government. "It is a new country," he said, "and my assistants need looking after. *I want to put my stamp upon it*, that in after times people may look back and recall my Raj with satisfaction." It was a noble wish, and it was fulfilled; all India, indeed, still bears the stamp of Lord Lawrence's rule, and that rule was good. Every man puts his stamp

upon his friends, his work, and his age; some do so only to mar a better impression.

One of the Assyrian bricks recently discovered bears the imprint of a dog's foot; while it was yet wet clay, a dog trod on it and left his stamp, a stamp that obliterated the royal mark. Many lives, without intending harm, do no more than stamp a dog's foot upon the superscription and signet of the King, and that by inattention and neglect. What is the stamp that we imprint? A dog's foot or the likeness of God?

The Queen-mother had long been known to be engaged in treacherous and treasonable negotiations with the enemies of Britain, at length she contrived at once to insult both the Resident and her nobles. This led to her deposition, and henceforward the British Government acted as guardian of the boy-prince.

This did not remove all the difficulties of the Resident, for the Sikh nobles, with assumed simplicity, declared that they possessed no money, and therefore could not pay the money they had promised towards the expenses of the occupation. They ventured to ask that the whole sum might be remitted!

On the 3rd of April 1848 Lawrence left Lahore, which was given into the charge of Sir Frederick Currie. Before many days had passed men regretted his absence. Two English officers were murdered, and, as the deed was not at once avenged, before long the Sikhs rose as one man in rebellion. A

fatal spirit of inactivity marked the British preparations, and at the desperate battle of Chillianwallah our troops were all but defeated.

The moral effect of such a battle was indeed terrible; it seemed possible that John Lawrence's Sikh province would also join the revolt. Had a less energetic ruler been at the head of affairs, it would probably have done so; but John Lawrence stamped out every firebrand before it had time to kindle a blaze.

Lord Dalhousie, the new Governor-General, fully realised the perils that threatened his empire, and he did his utmost to temper the rash valour of Lord Gough, the English commander-in-chief. On the 21st of February 1848 Lord Gough won a great victory at Gujerat, in which he annihilated the Sikh military power. The Sikh nation was disarmed, and Lord Dalhousie resolved to annex the whole of their dominions. Although he had fully made up his mind, the Governor-General asked John Lawrence, "What is to be done with the Punjab now?"

"Annex it now," was the reply.

Lord Dalhousie named one difficulty after another that he considered made annexation imprudent, but he met with the laconic reply, "Annex it now; annex it now."

On the 29th of March the annexation was proclaimed, and the Government of the new dominion was vested in a Board of Commissioners. Henry

Lawrence had resisted annexation, and, as a protest against what he could not prevent, he had placed his resignation of office in the hands of the Governor-General. Lord Dalhousie not only refused to accept this resignation, but he induced Henry Lawrence to withdraw it, and to become President of the new Board. With him John Lawrence and Charles Mansell were associated, the latter as a counterpoise to the brothers, who held different views as to the end and method of government. Henry was aristocratic and inclined to favour the old Sikh nobility; John Lawrence, on the contrary, was democratic and disposed to tax every man alike.

The Punjab, although it had acknowledged Sikh supremacy, was as diverse in its population as in its physical features. One strong robber chief had subdued the various races that had inhabited the country of the five rivers, and his policy had two main objects. He intended to be supreme as a military ruler and to collect treasure. He taxed everything that his subjects possessed, and yet he kept no accounts save those that were recorded upon a notched stick.

The Board had therefore to lay down the first principles of government, in order that upon this foundation a stable fabric might be reared. As a precautionary measure, the population were disarmed, although the hill-tribes were permitted to retain their weapons. In order to defend the new

territory ten regiments of cavalry and ten of infantry were raised from among the natives of the district. Two bodies of police, one semi-military and the other detective, further aided the Board, who feared that the recently discovered crime of Thuggery was terribly prevalent within their dominion. In Arnold's "Dalhousie" it is related that one Thug, when asked how many persons he had murdered, replied, "How can I tell? Do you remember, Sahib, every animal you have killed in the chase? Thuggee is our sport!"

In the Punjab the whole of the Sweeper caste were Thugs, and not until a thousand were executed was the crime put down. The Sweeper caste had long been regarded as outcasts, and had indeed been thus driven to crime. The Board, not content with the suppression of this horrible crime, endeavoured to transform these murderers into decent members of society, and with such success that many of them were afterwards employed both at Delhi and at Lucknow as sappers and miners.

Among the treasures of the newly-acquired kingdom was the famous Koh-i-noor. It was intrusted to the care of John Lawrence; he thrust it into his vest-pocket, and forgot all about it in the many other matters that claimed his attention. Six weeks after, a message came from Lord Dalhousie asking for the jewel, which was to be sent home to Queen Victoria. Then it flashed upon him that he had

left it in his vest-pocket. He sent for his servant and asked about the parcel.

"I put it in one of your boxes," said the man.

"Open it," said John Lawrence, as the servant produced the parcel that contained the treasure.

"There is nothing but a bit of glass," said the man, in real or assumed ignorance.

In December 1852 the rule of the Joint Board came to an end. Sir Henry Lawrence was transferred elsewhere, and his brother John ruled alone under the title of Chief Commissioner of the Punjab.

"I have all my life been a hard worker, and it has now become a second nature to me," said John Lawrence. "I work, therefore, as much from habit as from principle." He certainly had enough now to tax his powers to the very utmost. During the days of joint rule he and his brother Henry had held somewhat diverse views upon matters of government, as might have been expected from two such high-spirited, independent thinkers. Sir Henry Lawrence was one of the kindest of men, and he was deeply loved by all who knew him, but by none so much as by his brother. The differences of opinion between the brothers were founded upon principle, and neither could well depart from what he believed to be the best method of ruling without conscientious objections. Hence it was on the whole better that John Lawrence was left in charge of the great territory, but it was a sore pang to every one when Sir Henry went away.

As we have seen, John Lawrence was a masterful man, as indeed all his race were. "I am glad of your opinion, and of course very glad of your pen," he said to a young man who had come to him as secretary. "But remember, it will be my policy and my views, not yours. Your day may come—it is mine now; every dog will have its day."

Upon the whole, this is always best; for men respect strength, and only a strong man can use power beneficially. A weak man invariably falters, hesitates, and injures others by his sheer timidity; weakness lies at the root of most of the world's political blunders and crimes. And John Lawrence realised Ruskin's idea of kings as busy men, "who not only did more, but in proportion to their doings got less than other men." His appetite for work was enormous, and with a keen unerring insight he went right to the heart of any subject that he considered. He seemed to know the shortest way not only to manage any negotiation, but also to speak out his mind and to get his will fulfilled.

He suitably impressed Lord Dalhousie, who, although imperious, ambitious, and exacting to others, was kind to John Lawrence. Some one said of the Governor-General, "The Lord Sahib is a pepper-pot;" but he reserved his pepper for others than the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab. It is true that Lord Dalhousie insisted that in the Punjab, as in all other parts of his dominion, his will should be absolute. John Lawrence freely protested against

what he believed to be unwise in the Governor-General's policy, but he loyally endeavoured to obey what were sometimes, in his judgment, unwise orders. In fact, unlike as they were, the two men had much in common, and although Lord Dalhousie was far below his subordinate, he was something more than a pepper-pot. He had a high conception of duty, and he set himself resolutely to work out what he believed to be the wisest policy for the provinces that had been intrusted to him. Hence when, in the autumn of 1854, negotiations were opened with the ruler of Afghanistan, and the Afghans specially asked for John Lawrence, although the step taken was against his judgment, he acceded to the request.

On the 20th of March 1855 he met the son of the ruler of the Afghans, and concluded a treaty with him. This treaty provided that there should be perpetual friendship between the English and Afghans. The latter desired an assurance of assistance against the Russians should that nation invade their territories, but this was refused. The Afghans desired Peshawur, but although John Lawrence looked upon this post as a weakness in our defence, he could not surrender it. John Lawrence thought but little of the treaty that was then made; he said sardonically "that there was no harm in it," and that is more than can be said of many others.

Part of John Lawrence's success as an administrator was due to his ability and success in sur-

rounding himself with able subordinates. He had a fine eye for a man, even for a troublesome man, so long as there was character in him. It is related that he said of a man who had been a sore trouble to him, "Never mind; he has got 'go,' he has got zeal;" and hence, being a judge and a tolerant ruler of men, he not only did good work himself, but he trained a distinct school of good workers, who afterwards became leaders of others, as he had been of them.

In the year 1855 Mrs. Lawrence was taken seriously ill. It seemed as if she must go home to Europe; but when she recovered a little she declared that she could not exist in England without him. Their children, save two, had been sent home out of danger, but she remained to comfort her husband in the death-grapple with Mohammedan fanaticism which was rapidly approaching.

On the 17th of February 1856 he went down to Calcutta, and there he met with his brother Henry for the last time. The brothers spent three happy days together, and then they parted to meet no more until their life-work was done.

On the last day of February 1856, Lord Dalhousie handed over his office to Lord Canning. Before he left India Lord Dalhousie annexed Oude, and, with the approbation of his Council, he suggested that the Punjab with Scinde should be made a separate province, of which John Lawrence should be the ruler.

When he reached Ceylon, Lord Dalhousie learned that his friend had received the distinction for which the Governor-General had especially asked, and that he was now Sir John Lawrence. Lord Dalhousie himself returned home to die. During his term of office he had moved English rule in India on a century, if not more.

"I was very miserable in parting from you all," he wrote to Sir John Lawrence. "Of all I leave behind me, no man's friendship is more valued by me, no man's services are so highly estimated by me as yours. God bless you, my dear John. Write to me as you promised, and believe me now and always," &c.

So one worker follows another, and by different men the great purposes of Providence are served, and sin and iniquity are put down among men.

CHAPTER IV.

"PRESS ON! PRESS ON!" OR, PACE IS POWER.

"Tell us of no vauntful Glory,
Shouting forth her haughty story.
All life long his homage rose
To far other shrine than those.
'In hoc signo,' pale or dim,
Marked the battle-field for him."

"He had perceived the presence and the power
Of Greatness; and deep feeling had impressed
Great objects on his mind, with portraiture
And colour so distinct, that on his mind
They lay like substances, and almost seemed
To haunt the bodily sense."—WORDSWORTH.

"Some men are like a tiled house, are long before they take fire; but once in flame, there is no coming near to quench them."—THOMAS FULLER.

1856–1857.

"ON A VOLCANO"—TRUE TO HIS SPOKEN WORD—NO ARREARS—TO STAND STILL IS FATAL—THE TELEGRAMS—"BETTER QUICKLY, SO IT BE WELL DONE."

"FOR my part, I am sitting upon a volcano," said the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who was afterwards murdered by his subjects. Which thing was

true of British rule in India in 1856, although few at the time understood the premonitory rumblings that spoke of concealed forces out of sight. It was true, as Disraeli's epigram puts it, that the unexpected happened. Lord Dalhousie had left India little more than a year when the great mutiny came.

Lord Canning, the new Governor-General, was utterly unlike his predecessor; he had come out not to enlarge, but to consolidate the hugh empire that was enlarging at an alarming rate. He had no thirst for a scientific frontier, but he soon found himself, against his will, engaged in a war with Persia, who was acting as cat's-paw for Russia. Herat was the chestnut, and it was the policy of India that the coveted city should neither belong to Persia nor Russia. On the 11th of July 1856, an ultimatum was sent from London intimating that an advance by Persia upon Herat would be construed into a declaration of war.

Lord Canning shared Sir John Lawrence's opinion, that in the event of a war England should make a naval demonstration on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and land a force there which should co-operate with an Afghan army marching to Herat. This would avoid the perils of an advance through Afghanistan.

Sir John Lawrence, when asked as to who was the best man to command the proposed expedition, suggested his brother, Sir Henry Lawrence. "He

has great natural ability, immense force of character, is very popular in his service, has large political acumen, and much administrative ability," he says. "I doubt if there is a military man in India who is his equal in these points. He is also in possession of his full vigour both in mind and body; and there is not a good soldier in the Punjab, or perhaps in Upper India, of the Bengal army but would volunteer to serve under him."

This advice was not taken, but, with John's approval, General Outram was selected for the post.

On the 1st of January 1857, Sir John Lawrence met the Ameer of Afghanistan within the Khyber Pass. This negotiation was a task of great risk, and Lawrence knew that he was thrusting his head into the lion's mouth, but he felt it to be his duty not to hesitate. Before leaving his escort, he left word that if any firing were heard within the Pass, the British troops were to rush in and rescue their leader. The Afghans received their visitor with a royal salute; the officer in command of the British heard the firing, but he wisely refrained from obeying the order, which act of discretion, it is thought, saved the lives of the envoy and his attendants. During the negotiations a message arrived to the effect that 5000 troops were to be landed upon the Persian shores. This was communicated to the Afghan chiefs, who agreed, for a subsidy, to cooperate with them. When the terms had been agreed upon, Lord Lawrence informed the Ameer

that in the treaty with Persia he would be considered. This delighted the Afghans, but they forgot to ask for the promise in writing. "But," said Lawrence, who was the soul of honour, "I consider that my verbal assurance pledges Government as much as a written article."

Himself scrupulously truthful, and hating a lie, as every true Englishman must and always will, Sir John properly despised the Afghan falsehood and trickery, which they pretended to consider clever.

The Ameer, for example, told his guest that he was very poor because he always spent much more money than he received.

"How do you get on, then?" asked Sir John.

"Why, you see," replied the Afghan, "I borrow each year from the money-lenders, who are generally Persians. They know that as soon as I am dead my sons will spring at each others' throats, that there will be general anarchy, and that they will lose everything. So when they press me for payment, I call them together, and putting on a long face, tell them that I am being killed by anxiety about money. They see it is better to forgive the debt, and keep themselves and me in life and prosperity a little longer. And so we all start afresh!"

There is a Persian proverb which says that a stone that is fit for the wall is never left out of the way; although Sir Henry Lawrence was not to attack Persia, a new post was found for him. In February 1857 he was sent to Oude as Chief

Commissioner. "He went to Oude not without feelings of ambition," says a friend, "but principally from a high sense of duty, whilst he had the strongest medical opinion of the necessity of an immediate change to Europe, and when suffering, as he told me, from 'a dozen different complaints.'" Indeed, his doctors only consented to sanction his going to Lucknow on condition that in the following November he went to England.

The greatest sorrow that can befall a man had darkened Sir Henry's life, for he had just before lost his dearly loved wife. With the chastening of this sorrow upon him he went to Lucknow, to make the heroic stand which is one of the most thrilling stories in our national annals.

His brother John wrote him a long letter of counsel as to how best to manage the huge and troublesome dominion that had been intrusted to him. From this we extract the following sentences, which are good counsel for every worker: "The only point in particular which seems to me of value is your mode of doing your own work. In civil administration the great secret appears to me to consist in avoiding arrears. To do this, you must always keep at the wheel, and endeavour as far as possible to work off daily all which comes in. Though in the whole year you may get through all your work, much will depend on its being done in the way I describe. Your own office people cannot get through it properly unless it

comes in and goes out like a running stream ; and this is still more important for the working of the subordinate departments;" which counsel is good for every one who would really work and accomplish as much work as is possible.

John Lawrence himself was terribly overworked, and ill in consequence. His reputation for work was spread through India, and the consequences of such strenuous exertion had procured for the debility produced by a break-down, the name of a "Punjab head."

He had intended to pay a visit to Cashmere, but at the wish of the Governor-General he remained where he was.

And it was fortunate that he did so, for now the mutiny broke out. From the beginning of the year there had been ominous signs, which, first seen in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, had afterwards been observed a thousand miles away. From province to province "chupatties" or pancakes of flour and water had passed from village to village and from province to province through the North-West Provinces of India. In Delhi itself placards had been posted up proclaiming a holy war against the Christians. It was evident that Hindoos and Muslims were meditating an attack upon the hated foreigners.

Among the native army there were also symptoms of mutiny. Fires broke out in various cantonments, the work evidently of incendiaries. In

this mood the Sepoys were eager to take offence, and when lubricated cartridges were served out to them, malice suggested that having been greased with the fat of the cow and the pig, they were intended to outrage the religious feelings of both Hindoo and Mohammedan.

When the Government endeavoured to conciliate them and permitted the Sepoys themselves to mix the fat wherewith the cartridges were to be greased, it was next maliciously suggested that the flour of their food was mixed with the bone-dust of the same animals. Many causes contributed to this result, but it was evident that sooner or later the death-struggle must come.

On the 12th of May a telegram from Delhi reached Lawrence which ran, "The Sepoys have come in from Meerut and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and we hear several Europeans. We must shut up." Not a word did he speak about this mishap during the whole of that day; he well realised the magnitude of the danger, and made up his mind to meet and conquer it.

His first care was to preserve his own province, the Punjab, which contained a larger army than all the other five districts of our rule. Fifty thousand of these troops were natives, and only eleven thousand were Europeans. Ten years had not elapsed since the Sikhs had well-nigh defeated the British. What if they were to rise again and wrest the Punjab from the hands of their new masters?

The native army would in all probability take part with them, and the chances of a successful resistance appeared to be very small. The European defenders of the Punjab were massed chiefly on two points—one part at Peshawur watching the Afghans, and the other near Umballa, at the foot of the Himalaya Hills. At the first place there were three, and at the latter four regiments.

But the men who served under Lawrence were each of them worth a regiment; they had caught the spirit of their leader, and did not once quail before the storm.

It was decided to disarm the native regulars and to rely upon the irregulars and police to keep order. A spy reported that the Sepoys at Lahore were up to their necks in mutiny, and Lawrence's men dealt at once with the peril. Three regiments of foot and one of cavalry were to be disarmed, and that by five companies only of the 81st regiment, who had with them but twelve guns. The next morning the troops were paraded and the Sepoys ordered to surrender their arms. The English line fell back, and showed the guns that were loaded with grapeshot. "Eighty-first, load!" — after a moment's hesitation the Europeans obeyed, and the natives submitted. Post after post was then secured; it was evident that in the Punjab the authorities were vigilant, knew their own minds, and meant to die hard.

John Lawrence himself had been suffering from

neuralgia. His temples had been rubbed with aconite to deaden the pain, and the remedy had well-nigh blinded him. The excitement of the time temporarily threw off the pain. He at once wrote urgent counsels to the commander-in-chief and to the Governor-General. He at least knew what was to be done, and he intended that others should do it if possible.

He insisted that the mutinous soldiers should be disarmed forthwith, and that then a great effort should be made at any cost to recover Delhi.

"In revolutions like the present," said he, "our only safety is to advance: to stand still is fatal." He did advance, and prevented, as far as possible, others from standing still.

"It is want of action rather than the want of means which may prove disastrous to us," he said. In great perils pace is always power in morals as it is in mechanics, and Lawrence well knew the value of promptitude in dealing with such a crisis. "Between Meerut and Calcutta," he said, "we have but five regiments of Europeans, scattered over the country at wide intervals. What is to become of them and all our countrymen *if we only hold our own at points where we are strong?*"

"Lawrence not only got through Herculean labours himself, but sternly forced all malingerers to do their duty. He, with the authority of a master-mind, flashed message after message of abrupt command wherever the electric shock was necessary. One of

the earliest victims of the struggle had sank, it was said, killed by an attack of Lawrence's telegraphic messages." The military authorities had been strangely loth to believe in their danger, and now they would not be hurried. At length Lawrence succeeded in spurring them into effort, and General Barnard marched towards Delhi. Upon the capture or successful resistance of that city depended the existence of our empire. A siege-train joined the expedition, and only by a miracle escaped delay, or worse. It reached the broad flood of the River Sutlej, which was rapidly rising and threatening the bridge of boats. The guns were hurried forward and crossed the river, and only just before the bridge was swept away. A mutinous native regiment that had intended to seize the cannon came just too late, for the bridge was gone. At length Barnard reached Delhi, and on the 7th of June the British met the mutinous Sepoys in fair fight and utterly routed them. Thirteen guns were captured, and a small force of 3000 men with twenty field-guns and a small siege-train sat down to capture a city of 150,000 inhabitants who were defended by fortifications that had been devised by British skill. Yet, difficult as the task seemed, men like Lawrence felt that it must be performed, for if Delhi held out, India would be lost to England.

During this struggle Lawrence took the lead, as might have been expected when one remembers his high qualities. "I like issuing orders by

telegraph," he said, "because they cannot give me their reasons, nor ask for mine."

He fully realised the desperate conflict in which he was engaged. One of his friends reports thus: "'I think there is a chance, Thornton,' he said to me; and as he said it I thought he looked the man to make it so. If he died, I felt that he would die hard; and if our lives were saved, I felt then, and I feel still, that it was to him we should owe and have owed them," says a friend who was with him. John Lawrence, while he strove for the best, prepared for the worst; he had sent his wife and children away out of danger, and made all needful preparations for the probable fate before him. All the time of this awful strain, he was suffering from acute neuralgia.

Some of the English gave him great anxiety by their tardiness and criminal lethargy. At Peshawur he was well served, and by men who knew the magnitude of the danger. "You know on what a nest of devils we stand," said one officer to his chief. "Once let us take our foot up, and we shall be stung to death."

"Peshawur once gone," said a Sikh chief, "and the whole Punjab will roll up like this," and he rolled up his robe from the hem to the centre. The men who held Peshawur knew this, and they promptly disarmed the mutineers, with the usual result that other natives rallied to their aid.

It is pleasing to note that while resolute in his determination to suppress mutiny, Lawrence would

not give way to panic or slay more mutineers than was needful to make an example.

At Jellundur there were three native regiments which Lawrence urged should be disarmed, but General Johnstone, who was not under the Commissioner's orders, not only refused to do this, but he even handed over the treasure-chest to the keeping of the suspected men. The result was what Lawrence feared; the Sepoys mutinied, murdered some of their officers, and then marched off towards Delhi. Before them rolled the deep river Sutlej, and General Johnstone was urged to follow and to attack them. But he was not a man to be hurried, and he lingered until pursuit was hopeless, and then he followed at a safe distance. Meanwhile the mutineers had crossed the river in a few crazy boats, occupying about thirty hours in the passage. A young civilian with a single gun attacked them after they had crossed, but General Johnstone made no attempt to harass or assail their march. This inactivity was terribly painful to Lawrence. He could not understand it. "Push on, push on," was his motto and it was indeed the wisest policy; but there are some natures that are sluggish and cannot understand the value of time.

There runs a story which relates that a Highlander and his wife came down south in order to see a railway train. After it had passed them the man drew breath and said, "Eh! but what need for so much hurry?"

Sometimes moments mean lives, and that both in the individual and national life. If it be wise to act at all, it is always better to lose no time about it. "Push on" is the only method to retain the successes already won, as well as to secure more. Men who say, "Push on," and act it, will often correct their errors and transform blunders into triumphs. At any rate, other things being equal, they are likeliest to prosper.

Ethelred the Unready has, however, still many descendants both in moral and spiritual things. Those who linger, and who, like Napoleon III., no sooner make a decision than they begin to unmake it, are too numerous. And it would be as well, seeing that the tortoise-pace is not always the best possible under all circumstances, yea, it would be wise for some one to write a companion fable showing how the hare who did not go to sleep not only won the prize, but avoided some dangers, secured many pleasures, and generally did better than the slow tortoise. Oh, for the praise of quickness, that is yet good work; of the man who not only does well, but does it as speedily as may be!

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CHAPTER V.

THE MAN WHO TRIED AND WHO DID HIS DUTY.

"That which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will,
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

"His face deep scars of thunder had entrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage."—MILTON.

1857–1858.

ENLARGING ONE'S IDEA OF HUMANITY—A GLOW OF WORK—DEATH OF SIR HENRY—"THESE ARE MY MONKEYS"—A PASSING CLOUD—STORM OF DELHI—"CLEMENCY CANNING."

"By an old Indian, I mean a man full of curry and of bad Hindustani, with a fat liver and no brains, but with a self-sufficient idea that no one can know India except through long experience of brandy, champagne, gram-fed mutton, cheroots, and hookahs," wrote Sir Charles Napier in a fit of petulence. If the portrait be like any of the British

officials, which may well be doubted, it certainly was unlike Lawrence or the men whom he had gathered round him. John Lawrence did know India, and he had brains in abundance, and therefore he was able to save the empire, which was melting away like snow in summer-time.

An instance of his thoughtful kindness is thus related. He had sent down his famous Guide corps to Delhi, and understanding the anxiety of many of them who were married, he promised to bring their wives and families to a place of safety, where he would see after their well-being himself.

By the Guides he sent a kind message to his brother Henry, saying, "He has a terrible job down there at Lucknow. Ah! well Henry had a greater grip on men than I ever had!"

Alas! the message was never delivered, nor was the generous appreciation of his brother's work ever told on earth. Yet it was kind of him so to speak of Sir Henry's task. Well says one of John's officers, "There was nothing mean or small in his nature; no spite or malice. He was the *biggest* man I have ever known. We used to call him 'King John' on the frontier, and it is as such I still love to think of him."

The man who enlarges one's idea of humanity, and who deserves the title of king from those who also can, is surely a moral force of the highest quality. There are indeed men who be-dwarf and be-little us; we feel humiliated that such meanness, selfishness,

or wickedness should exist. Such men as John Lawrence exert a wholesome influence over all the race, as a banner aids an army in battle.

"As for Henry and John Lawrence," wrote one who knew both of the brothers, "they were earnest spirits, each meaning right from the bottom of his heart. There was a *glow of work* and duty round us all in the Punjab in those days, such as I have never felt before or since. I well remember the reaction of feeling when I went on furlough to England, the want of pressure of any kind, the self-seeking, the want of high aims, which seem to dull and dwarf you. You went back again lowered several pegs, saddened altogether. The atmosphere was different."

It is not given to every man to sustain an empire upon his Atlas-like shoulders, but it is possible for all to impart this glow to duty, and thus to help on the triumph of virtue and righteousness.

One politic act of John Lawrence's needs attention. He sent to all the Sikh chiefs who had rebelled nine years before. He told them that now was an opportunity of retrieving their characters. They came with their retainers, and Lawrence sent them on to Delhi. The mutineers, too late, attempted to induce these Sikhs to join them. Lawrence's Sikh friend had advised him, "You had better employ them, or they may go against you."

In spite of Lawrence's efforts, Delhi did not fall.

The little band of assailants was attacked in vain; but although they repulsed their enemies, Delhi still held out against them. In the opinion of many it might have been easily captured at an early stage of the operations, but every delay added to its strength. Every day fresh bands of mutineers poured into the city; it seemed as if the English besiegers must be overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers. Yet even among the mutineers the name of Jans Larens was terrible, and they strove to maintain their courage by parading a huge captive from Cashmere as the dreaded King John himself.

King John had meanwhile to deal with mutiny close at home, and he resolved not to wait until it had fully developed. He drew up the disaffected regiment, and was about to address them, when, by accident, a gun went off. The mutineers at once broke their ranks and rushed towards the entrenchments. The artillery had orders to fire if this happened, in order to prevent the mutineers from entrenching themselves. They were prevented from firing by Brigadier Campbell; had they done so, Lawrence would have been killed. He, anxious only to avoid bloodshed, rushed amidst the mutineers, and after a time he induced them to lay down their loaded arms.

At Jhelum, one of his stations, his subordinates were not so fortunate. The officer in command did not obey his orders, and attacked the mutineers in front of their lines instead of in the rear, where

there were no defences. Hence the assailants were repulsed.

This momentary success incited another body of Sepoys to revolt. They offered one of their officers a handsome salary if he would make common cause with them; and after killing some of their officers, about a thousand of them marched off to Delhi. They were not permitted to reach this centre of revolt, for one of Lawrence's lieutenants met and defeated them.

Lawrence was a man who looked at facts in their true relation to each other, and he strove to look ahead. He was himself sparing every man and gun from the Punjab, and now he began to consider what should be done if Delhi managed to make good its resistance. "I look for neither fame nor abuse," he said; "all I wish to do is my duty, and save our rule and those connected with it." But his plan was sneered at afterwards by those who did not know, as Lawrence did, the whole truth. He resolved to intrust Peshawur to the Afghans, who would thus be induced to refrain from hostilities, and to concentrate all the European soldiers within the line of the Indus. This he would hold until aid came to commence the reconquest of India.

On the 6th of August 1857 news came from Lucknow that Henry Lawrence was dead.

"There is no man in India who perhaps at this time could not have been better spared," said John. "The blow came like a clap of thunder upon us.

I believe that he has not left an abler or a better soldier behind him. His loss just now will be a national calamity."

Henry Lawrence had gone to his government resolved to do his utmost to justify the confidence he felt in the natives; but his keen insight soon detected the peril of an outbreak, and he began to provide against it. He purchased grain, accumulated guns and ammunition, formed outworks, and prepared to make a stand at the Residency of Lucknow. With a force of only 700 Europeans and 7000 natives of doubtful fidelity, he resolved to defend the Residency and a fort called Muchee Bawn about four miles distant.

Some of the natives endeavoured to dissuade Sir Henry from these preparations, and one man suggested that if a number of monkeys were kept at the Residency and fed by Brahmins, this would make the British rule powerful in India.

"Come with me and I will show you my monkeys," said Sir Henry. He led the man to a battery, and laying his hand on a gun he said, "See, here is one of my monkeys; that is his food," and he pointed to a pile of shot; "and this is the man who feeds them," pointing as he spoke to a soldier. "Go tell your friends of *my* monkeys."

During the siege he had taken up his position in a room which, although favourable for observation, was much exposed to the enemy's fire. He was urged to remove to a less exposed position, and

promised to do so on the following day. This was on the 2nd of July; in the evening he returned exhausted and lay down upon a bed. He said that after two hours' rest he would have his things moved. While listening to a paper which was read by Colonel Wilson, a shell entered the room. He knew himself that the wound was mortal. He was carried into a less exposed position, and on the 4th of July he died, exhorting the garrison "never to give in."

He especially desired that no epitaph should be placed upon his tombstone, save the phrase that has since become one of our national watchwords: "*Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty.*"

"This text I should like," he added; "'To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him.' Is it not in Daniel? It was on my dear wife's tomb."

The grand epitaph is upon the tombstone in front of the Residency. No nobler tribute could have been offered to any man than that he tried to do his duty.

"Some years afterwards," says Bosworth Smith, "when his younger brother returned as Governor-General to India, he visited the sacred spot; and I have been told that the expression on his weather-beaten countenance as he stood by the grave in silence was a sight never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it."

A native chief had said at the commencement of the mutiny, pointing to a cloud passing over the sun, "The mutiny will be just like that fleeting cloud." Alas! the cloud did not pass away; it blotted out the heavens. It is true that from the city of Delhi there came news of dissensions and of quarrels, but the mutineers knew well that their murders and treasons could not be forgiven, and in spite of their turmoils they continued the fight.

On the 4th of September the siege-train reached the British camp, and by the 13th it had made difficult but practicable breaches in the walls. The mutineers upon this began to prepare ramparts behind the breaches, and before these could be finished it was resolved to storm the city.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 14th four parties made for the guilty city. "Our batteries redoubled their roar while the columns were taking up their respective positions, throwing shells to drive the enemy away as far as possible from the breaches. The morning was just breaking; the thunder of our artillery was at its loudest, when all at once it hushed. Every one could hear his heart beat."

The fighting continued through the day, and when night fell, three of the columns had fought their way into the city, but they had not won it. Our troops, flushed with conflict, drank heavily, and thus were at the mercy of their foes. Happily the mutineers did not know of this, and on the following day vast quantities of intoxicating drink were

destroyed, after which on the 16th fighting was resumed.

By the 20th Delhi was won, but at an awful price. Still it was captured, and that without the aid of reinforcements from England.

After the fall of the city, an English officer named Hodgson slew the young princes, and thus the Mogul dynasty passed away. The deed was cruel and unwarranted; it was, indeed, the personal unauthorised act of a man not too willing to obey orders; but it was, after all, just.

The fall of Delhi was the death-blow to the mutiny; henceforward it was only a question of time; the elements of mischief one after another were trampled out.

Had the advice of Sir John Lawrence been taken, the city might have been captured before the mutiny had taken firm hold; then, perhaps, the agonies of Lucknow and of Cawnpore might have been saved.

When at last the British general did order the assault on the city, it was solely at the compulsion of King John. Yet the delay was excusable, for the enterprise was a desperate one, and at the time of the storm the British did not number, including their native allies, more than 11,000—a mere handful to hurl against strong fortifications held by 40,000 desperate men. Yet the desperate attempt was the truest prudence, and the result manifested the wisdom of Jan Larens's policy.

Captain Norman, one of the assailants, concludes his narrative of the siege thus:—"How Sir John Lawrence supported and reinforced the army, at the risk of denuding the country under his government of troops that he most urgently required; how vigorously he aided the operations in every way, has already been acknowledged by the Government of India. To him the army of Delhi, as well as the British nation, owe a deep debt of gratitude, which by the former certainly will never be forgotten."

The Governor-General himself bears this testimony:—"The merits of the officers to whose courage and ability the preservation of the Punjab is due have been set forth by their distinguished chief, Sir John Lawrence, with a fulness that leaves little to be added. Of what is due to Sir John Lawrence himself no man is ignorant. Through him Delhi fell, and the Punjab, no longer a weakness, became a source of strength. But for him the hold of England over Upper India would have had to be recovered at a cost of English blood and treasure that defies calculation. It is difficult to exaggerate the value of such ability, vigilance, and energy at such a time."

This was high praise, but not too high, for it would be quite impossible to overstate the value of the services rendered by the one man in high position who not only kept his head clear, but whose unerring persistence kept others in the path of duty.

But although Delhi had fallen, Sir John had much to do in repressing risings in various other districts. The long delay in capturing the city had emboldened many who were waiting to see which side won, and thinking that the foreign rule had passed away, they rose against the British. Lady Lawrence heard of the plot, and at some peril it was defeated.

A more difficult task was that of repressing the mad cry for revenge which came from England. Even Lord Shaftesbury, speaking at Wimborne, had said: "The retribution that follows these crimes must be equal to the nature and extent of the crimes themselves. I maintain that justice, pure simple justice, demands we should exact of these men that compensation which is due to that crime, unparalleled in the history of mankind." This was mild indeed when compared with the shrieks for revenge that arose from various quarters. The Governor-General, Canning, earned the derisive title of "Clemency Canning" for his disposition to be just, and John Lawrence was at one with him in his policy. With red-handed murderers or with armed rebels John Lawrence would not treat, but he demanded that when once the rebels were defeated they should be fairly tried before they were executed.

Unfortunately others thought otherwise, and he heard that in Delhi the troops were looting the city and that natives were shot without any proof of guilt. A gallows was erected in Delhi on which

a batch of ten or a dozen men were hanged merely because they looked like soldiers.

On the 24th of February 1858 he himself reached Delhi. His strong measures speedily put a stop to the wholesale executions, and when in the end of March he left the city, the reign of panic and of cruelty was over. Kingsley says that there is a demoniac element in human nature; now and then it reveals itself, as it did during the mutiny panic. It says not a little for Sir John Lawrence's high character that he was void of this, and not disposed to tolerate it in others.

He was himself ill and worried, but he could not leave his post while there was still danger. But he sent home his wife and two children, and remained behind to complete his task of reorganisation.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MAN WHO STOOD SENTRY OVER HIMSELF.

"Famed from shore to shore,
For valour much, for hardy suffering more."—ODYSSEY.

"So we through this world's waning night
Shall hand in hand pursue our way,
Shed round us order, love, and light,
And shine unto the perfect day."—YEAST.

"Give me prudent piety;
Give contempt of earthly toys,
Appetite for heavenly joys."

"Men's works have an age like themselves, and though they outlive their authors, yet have they a stint and period to their duration. This only is a work too hard for the teeth of Time."—THOMAS BROWNE.

1857–1864.

STANDING SENTRY OVER HIMSELF—"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING"—"DO YOU FEAR GOD OR THE MESS?"—CHRISTIAN THINGS IN A CHRISTIAN WAY—"WON'T SOMETHING HAPPEN WHEN HE GOES?"—SENT OUT AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL—SIMPLICITY AND KINDNESS TO CHILDREN.

"WHY, what could I do? The black fellows set my dooly down on the top of the mountain, and as it was dark I leaped out, took my arms *and stood*

sentry over myself the whole night." The speaker was an English soldier who was reproved for exposing himself to cold during the first Afghan campaign. He *stood sentry over himself:* which thing is greatly needed by every man at some time or another, and perhaps never more than when the need is least felt. It is the highest prerogative of a man to mount sentry over himself, and thus he can watch over others.

It must have required heroic self-command to have restrained himself as John Lawrence did while he waited for the reinforcements that came slowly from England. The Government at first failed to realise the danger, but at length Palmerston determined upon despatching relief, and sent for Sir Colin Campbell.

"When will you be ready to start for India?" he asked.

"To-morrow," was the prompt reply, and as a matter of fact the hero started on the following night.

Delhi having fallen, the mutiny now centred at Lucknow, where Havelock and Outram were besieged. The Highlanders had fought their way into the Residency; when they had reached the beleaguered heroes they had been strangely affected. They had broken their ranks to shake hands with the women whom they had saved from death, and lifted the children in their arms, passing them from rank to rank to be kissed by rough but tender lips. They had reinforced the garrison, but as the enemy

were present in overwhelming force, Outram had resolved to stand at bay until he was reinforced. Campbell's first business was to relieve this beleaguered garrison. He marched to do so with men who were mad with rage at the cruelties of Cawnpore.

Two incidents of the relief are noteworthy: one was the heroic enterprise of Mr. Kavanagh, a civilian, who passed from Lucknow through the mutineers in order to guide Campbell into the city. By a mistake committed by his companions, Kavanagh found himself in the midst of the enemy; but after several hairbreadth escapes, he reached the English lines in safety. He received the Victoria Cross for his gallantry.

The other is the oft-told tale of Jessie Brown. She had sunk on the ground overcome with fatigue, when she sprung to her feet and exclaimed, "Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it? Ay! I'm no dreamin'; it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved! We're saved!"

The men ceased firing, and Jessie cried "Courage! Hark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a'! Here's help at last."

The men listened, but the Colonel shook his head. Jessie sank to the ground, and once more she cried in a loud voice; "Will ye no believe it now? The slogan has ceased, indeed; but the Campbells are comin'—d'ye hear?—d'ye hear?"

They did hear, and with sobs and tears, such as men only shed when their dear ones are delivered

from danger. The bagpipes replied to their cheer in the heart-stirring strain, "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?"

Colin Campbell delivered the beleaguered garrison, and after several victories, he received reinforcements from his old friend, John Lawrence.

But on the 28th of February 1858 Sir Colin, after a retreat in order to gather fresh strength for a spring, advanced again to crush out all that remained of the Mutiny. Lawrence's wishes were not respected by the Governor-General. He urged that an offer of pardon should be made to such of the mutineers as had not actually murdered British women and children. This was not done, but, on the contrary, a Government proclamation declared that almost all the land in Oude was confiscated. This severe measure was allowed to remain inoperative, but it served no useful purpose except to drive the enemy to desperation. It produced, as John Lawrence predicted, a guerilla warfare.

Colin Campbell, Outram, and other enlightened men agreed with Lawrence, but so far they were not able to move Lord Canning from his course. Special commissioners still tried prisoners drumhead fashion, and, eager for bloodshed, taunted those who pleaded for mercy. These last were mocked and insulted by their blind and cruel associates.

"What am I to do?" one of them, who in vain had remonstrated with his comrades, asked of Outram.

"Do you fear God or men?" was the noble reply. "If you fear God, do as you are doing, and bear the insults that are heaped upon you. If you fear man and the mess, let them hang their number every day."

The result of these mistaken measures was, that knowing that every man among them must die, the mutineers held together, and eluded their pursuers. They seized Gwalior, a strong fortress in Rajputana, in which they found much treasure. This was wrested from them, and for a time the Mahratta states did not rise, as it was feared that they would do. Still the mutineers were a troublesome factor, which prevented the pacification of India. Had an offer of mercy been made to the least guilty, Lawrence believed that it would have broken up this compact force.

He had himself some 15,000 disarmed Sepoys within his province; some of them he sent home, and others, who had only been disarmed as a precaution, were once more entrusted with weapons. Out of the faithful remnants of the mutinous regiments he formed a new regiment, which was called the "Faithfuls." He rewarded those who had been true to us, and repaid the forced loan by means of which he had borne the cost of suppressing the mutiny, and that within a year after contracting the debt.

One utterance of his at this period deserves to be remembered by all rulers. He said, "Chris-

tian things done in a Christian way will never, the Chief Commissioner is convinced, alienate the heathen. About such things there are qualities which do not provoke distrust nor harden to resistance. It is when un-Christian things are done in the name of Christianity, or when Christian things are done in an un-Christian way, that mischief and danger are occasioned."

Here may be the place to speak a little about the causes of this unexpected and terrible convulsion which shook the very foundations of British Rule in India, and well-nigh annihilated it.

"To understand the origin of the Mutiny," says Wilson, "one must understand the administration of Lord Dalhousie and fairly estimate the last acts of his Viceregal career. Of these none had a more serious effect on the minds of the Native courts than the annexation of Oude. Inasmuch as Dalhousie was personally a strong opponent of annexation, the presumption is that the step, objectionable as it seems, was inevitable. Oude was misgoverned by a vicious but feeble-minded prince, and the people were tortured not only by his besotted tyranny, but by the exactions of a corrupt aristocracy.

Dalhousie had covered India with railways, canals, roads, and telegraphs. He had introduced a cheap postal system, by which a letter from Peshawar to Cape Comorin, or from Assam to Kurrachee, was carried for three-farthings, one-sixteenth of the old charge. He had reformed the Civil Service; he had

improved education and prison-discipline; he had passed laws that went to the root of family life, such as those permitting Hindoo widows to marry again, and relieving persons who changed their religion from forfeiture. As for his wars and annexations, he had the "tyrant plea necessity." When leaving Calcutta he said mournfully, and with a trace of misgiving as he looked back on his brilliant achievements, "I have played out my part, and while I feel that in my case the principal act in the drama of my life is ended, I shall be content if the curtain should now drop upon my public career." But the great work done by Dalhousie had not been done without friction between the paramount power and its subjects and vassals. It was indeed thought in England that Dalhousie handed India over to Lord Canning in a state of profound tranquillity. "Yet, looking deeper than the surface," says an able writer on Indian history, "there were latent causes of uneasiness which largely pervaded the minds of the Native classes of all ranks and creeds."

Cobden thought thus, for in 1857 he wrote to Bright, saying, "From the moment that I had satisfied myself that a feeling of alienation was constantly increasing with both Natives and the English—we had some striking evidence to this effect before our Committee in 1853—I made up my mind that it must end in trouble sooner or later."

Colonel Meadows Taylor says: "The material progress of India was unintelligible to the natives in

general. A few intelligent and educated persons might understand the use and scope of railways, telegraphs, steam-vessels, and recognise in them the direction of a great Government for the benefit of the people; but the ancient listless conservatism of the population at large was dismayed by them. 'The English,' it was said, 'never did such things before; why do they do so now? These are but new devices for the domination of their will, and are aimed at the destruction of our national faith, caste, and customs. What was it all to come to? Was India to be like England? The earlier Company's servants were simple but wise men, and we respected them; we understood them, and they us; but the present men are not like them; we do not know them, nor they us.' No one cared perhaps very much for such sentiments, and few—very few—English heard them; but they will not be forgotten by those who did."

In addition to these secret mutterings, there were probably Russian intrigues, and rumours about the British disasters in the Crimea. Moreover, it was the centenary of the battle of Plassy, which had laid the foundations of British Rule in India. The astrologers at that time had predicted a century of foreign rule, after which they predicted a Native dominion. As one of the public ceremonies of New Year's Day in India is the recital of the Almanack, this fact was kept before the minds of the dissatisfied and disaffected, and made them more so.

Unfortunately our Native army was nominally five times larger, instead of as now, double the British force. Even this large proportion of five natives to one European was not maintained, for, instead of six white regiments distributed between Calcutta and Allahabad, there were but two. And this at a time when the Sepoy was known to be disaffected and brooding over the fact that his gains were lessened, and, contrary to his wish, he was required to serve abroad. "Thus," says Wilson, "we had in 1857 the following conditions prevailing in India: (1) A popular belief was current in every village that the last year of the British *raj* had come; (2) the Native courts were suspicious that the annexation of Oude was an indication of the fate that was in store for them; (3) the high-caste natives, whether in the army or in civil life, were suspicious that the Government desired to defile their caste and sap the foundations of their religion. The country was therefore in such an inflammable condition that the first spark that fell on it would produce an explosion."

Besides all these causes there was the question of religion. The East India Company had truckled to the Brahmins and had openly subsidised idolatry. It had, in fact, ruled irreligiously in order to propitiate the Native chiefs. Its policy had been directly to secure gain, and so long as a large return were obtained it cared nothing for the ignorance of the heathen.

From the first the Company had been hostile to missionary effort, and it only permitted the missionaries of the religion it professed to honour to enter India under the strong compulsion of Parliament. Its heathen rule forbade the chaplains to speak to Sepoys, or to teach them when they craved for religious instruction, and the result was that God permitted the Mutiny. No other view seems at all to meet the needs of the case than that which views it as a direct punishment for the policy of those who were supposed to believe other than as they avowed.

For, while no Government ought to attack directly the religion of its subjects and dragoon them even into a reception of a better faith, still less ought it, from motives of policy, to pander to systems degrading and utterly base.

Had the Government of India permitted the missionaries and chaplains to instruct their Sepoys, and withheld all direct endowment of heathenism, the Mutiny and its horrors might have been avoided.

For Christianity contains no demoralising principle, and it cannot tend to weaken the hold of a Government that is founded upon righteousness. It may limit the operations that have hitherto filled money-bags, but it will more than compensate for this by opening new channels of revenue, and by establishing government upon right bases.

England is in India that she may tend the native races, and not only impart to them her civilisation,

but also the Book and its creed from which all her material and social progress has sprung.

"Instead of a knowledge of the Bible as the basis of the Christian religion," says Colonel Davidson, "being a source of danger to our rule in India, I believe it would be an element of strength. Our Hindoo subjects would know then that they cannot be hocus-pocussed into Christians by means of greased cartridges or any other such methods. Our very concealment of the nature of our religion, and the pains our Government have taken to hide it from them, has awakened suspicions which evil-disposed persons know too well how to use in the cause of disloyalty. Besides, the Bible belongs to the natives of India as much as it does to us. It is God's message to them, and while we instruct them in science and human knowledge, if we keep it back we do it at our own peril. It is a book many parts of which they can understand better than we do. It is an Oriential book peculiarly suited to their taste."

The unanimous voice of England called for a change in the government of India, and obtained it. The great company of merchant adventurers lost their dominion, which passed to the British crown.

On the 17th of October 1858, therefore, John Lawrence became a servant of the crown. "As for myself, the best reward I can have is the success which has crowned, not my efforts merely, but those

of us all in the Punjab. It is something to think that one has not lived in vain, and has proved useful in one's generation," he said.

He had been made K.C.B., a baronet, and privy councillor, and one of the last acts of the India Company was to award him £2000 per year, whenever he retired from the service.

Many of his friends thought that a peerage ought to have been awarded to the saviour of India. While Sir John Lawrence acknowledged that he should have prized this recognition of his services, he said, "I have lived long enough and seen sufficient to teach me that the best reward any man can have is the feeling that he has done his duty to the best of his ability."

For seventeen years he had not taken a day's rest, and now that order was in some degree restored, he resolved to visit his native land. Before he went, his dominion was created a lieutenant-governorship.

It is related that the day before Sir John Lawrence left for England, one of the natives said with undisguised terror, "Won't something happen when he goes?" a tribute to his services which is all the more remarkable because it was unconscious.

Before he left India, on the 8th of February 1859, he turned the first sod of the first railway in the Punjab, that he had ruled so well. On the 26th of February he started for home, and, in spite of his desire to avoid display, he found that it was

impossible for him to remain unknown. The whole nation rose to do him honour; for at last, in spite of his own modesty, his solid services were known by a people who have always been just to merit.

Lawrence received the congratulations and honours that were showered upon him with the same heroic simplicity with which he had sustained danger. Prosperity he estimated at its true use, therefore it did not spoil him. The roots of his character went deeply, and his heart of oak was the same in the sunshine as in the pitiless storm.

He settled down in a pleasant house at Southgate, near London, and there many happy memories of him linger. The poor and the deserving found in him a ready friend, and all the more a friend because he seemed to be quite unconscious as to his own greatness. His biographer relates two anecdotes which are worth repeating.

Sir John was travelling to London with a friend, and he himself carried a large hamper to the railway station. He refused to entrust it to any one, saying that its contents were too valuable. When the two were seated in a cab, Lawrence said that the hamper contained a pig of valuable breed! He was taking it as a present to a friend.

During his last days, while out for a walk, he saw some early strawberries in a shop-window. He wished for some, but when he heard that they were half-a-guinea a basket he declined to purchase

any, declared that he had never spent so much money upon himself, and left the shop. Not that he was mean, but he had no sense of self-importance and no selfishness in him. His intimate friends spoke of him as a sincere Christian of the Cromwell type, and a man whom it was a means of grace to have known.

In 1858 he became a member of the newly formed India Council, an office that, however good for the Council, was not his chief and fitting employment. He was not a man to run in a file of packhorses, but a charger that had been used to battle alone.

It had been long the custom to select the chief ruler of India from the peerage. With one exception, no civilian since the days of Warren Hastings had ever held such rank. The almost unanimous opinion of Britain was that when Lord Canning retired, Lawrence should have succeeded him. Lord Elgin, who became Viceroy, died after a brief rule, and as there seemed to be danger on the North-West frontier, it was decided to send out King John. On the 30th of November 1863 the news was communicated to him, and on the 9th of December he left London for India.

A touching story is related of this parting. A little boy had come to gladden the Southgate home, and had taken full possession of the father's heart. It dawned upon the Viceroy that while in India he would miss all the charming beauties of child-

hood, the deep delights that are folly to all but the parent, and he burst into tears and said, "I shall never see Bertie again."

For the great man, with all the flint in his nature, was yet kind and gentle at heart, as was seen in his journey; for when, on shipboard, he observed that a child was much neglected by its mother, Sir John Lawrence would play with this child for hours, because he said that he felt quite sure it did not want anything from him; a phrase which, while it was a sarcasm upon his fellow-passengers, veiled his own deep love for children as children.

On the 12th of January 1864 he landed at Calcutta, and received a hearty welcome. Yet his simple manners and Cromwellian bearing offended some of the empty nobodies of Calcutta. He dispensed with most of the escort required by former rulers, in order to save the men from the heat of the sun, saying, "If I can't go to church with two troopers as my escort, I am not fit to be Governor-General of India."

Sir John would walk to church, and fling his great white umbrella in the porch, and without any pomp walk to his pew.

The Viceregal servants, and those who were in league with them, soon found that they had to deal with a man who could not be robbed, and who would not tolerate the peculations that had been long committed with impunity. As a consequence,

the "backstairs gossip" papers, then a peculiarity of India, attacked him with scurrilous severity.

He nobly refused to reply to these libels; indeed, no answer could with dignity have been given to such traders in gossip and mean anglers for fame.

One story may be told of his kindness and consideration. An ostrich had taken up its home in the Viceregal Park at Barrackpore. The park-keeper's child found an ostrich egg, and she buried it in a box of sand, which during the daytime stood in the sun. At night a hen brooded over the egg, which was hatched in due time, much to the horror of the hen. A new park-keeper took the ostrich away from the child, who fell ill from grief at the loss of her pet. Some one informed the Viceroy of the circumstance, and by return of post he ordered the ostrich to be given back to the girl.

On the 13th October 1864 he held the great council, which has become famous as the Great Durbar of Lahore. All the great tributary princes of the North-West territory whom he had conquered or befriended came to Lahore, attended by crowds of followers. Altogether some 80,000 armed men, or, with their followers, above 700,000 souls assembled to meet him. It was a scene of barbaric splendour. Among them all King John moved conspicuously a born leader of men.

On the 18th he harangued the assembled chiefs in Hindustani, and presented them with gifts of honour. He had privately counselled the chiefs

personally, and without a doubt the Durbar tended greatly to consolidate our Indian Empire.

The ascendancy that Lawrence easily obtained over all natures contributed to aid him now, and he employed his opportunity well in convincing the Asiatics that their interest and safety demanded a steady loyalty to British rule. For good or for evil we are in India, and the rule of a man like Sir John Lawrence renders our control one of beneficence, and therefore likely to last. For nothing is more certain than that no kingdom survives its worth ; it is impossible that it should live longer than as it acts for good and righteousness. As the subject races are morally trained and taught the use of their powers will the supreme authority be more firmly fixed upon solid and lawful bases, and the British power remain in the East.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MAN WHOSE WORD WAS AS GOOD AS A TREATY.

"Oh, holy hope and high humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your works, and you have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love."

"With steady mind thy course of duty run;
God never does nor suffers to be done
Aught but thyself wouldst do couldst thou perceive
The end of all events as well as He."

"The whole system of life goes on this principle of *selling* oneself; then the question of estimates should for ever occur, 'My time for *this* and *this*.'"—JOHN FOSTER.

1864–1879.

UNPLEASANT WORK—JUST AND KIND—HOME AGAIN—AT WORK—PEERAGE—VIEW OF LIFE AND WORK.

FROM the Great Durbar the Viceroy turned to less pleasant work. A terrible cyclone had swept across the country, carrying devastation wherever it passed. Huge trees were torn up, large ships were driven on shore or sunk, houses were hurled down as if

they had been made of pasteboard, and the loss of life was appalling. He at once hastened down to Calcutta, and on his way he called at Delhi. He spent two days in the city that he had won, and thence he went on to the capital. Hitherto his wife had remained in England; on the 7th of December she reached Calcutta, bringing her two eldest and her youngest daughters. The other children remained at Southgate in charge of Mrs. Hayes, the beloved sister who had been the Viceroy's counsellor.

This arrival of his wife changed the whole of John Lawrence's life: he felt as did Schiller when the latter said, "Life is quite a different thing beside a beloved wife. . . . Beautiful nature! I now for the first time fully enjoy it, live in it. The world again clothes itself around me in poetic forms; old feelings are again awakening in my breast."

In the following January the eldest son of Sir Henry Lawrence, while engaged in an expedition to Thibet, slipped over one of the precipices and was lost. The care of Sir Henry's grandson fell now upon the Viceroy, and nobly he fulfilled his trust.

As a worker Sir John was most systematic; he went resolutely through every task in its turn. It is related that he was at work upon an immense pile of documents, and feeling, as all men feel at times, the need of some rest, he went out into the garden. He erected two Aunt Sallies, and naming them after the parties about whom he had been

reading, he fired off six shots at each, and then returned to his reading with the remark, "How I wish I could finish this case off as I have finished them!"

An instance of his matter-of-factness is thus told. A church was being erected, and wastefully; that is, a large amount of money had been expended upon a steeple which was still unfinished. The interior of the church was left untouched, and when the Viceroy was asked to subscribe towards finishing the structure, he replied Cromwell-like, "You might as well ask me to subscribe to get a man a hat who hasn't got breeches!" A very plain-spoken man that!

An applicant for employment asked the Viceroy when Chief Commissioner about the health of Lady Lawrence. "You did not come all the way from Rawal Pindi to ask that; what do you want?" asked King John. The man spoke out his desires. "Now go and ask Lady Lawrence yourself how she is, and stay to luncheon," was the reply. Verily a man who went the shortest way to a subject, and tolerated no lingering around any question.

In the autumn of 1865 news reached India of the death of Mrs. Hayes, his beloved sister Letitia. Her brother erected a tablet to her memory in Southgate Church, which thus records his opinion of her: "She was a noble and loving woman, who from youth to the last day of her life exercised a wonderful influence on all with whom she was

connected. This tablet is erected to her memory by her brother, Sir John Lawrence, to whom she is endeared by the recollections of a lifetime."

This personal loss was followed by a year of calamity. During 1866 there was a terrible commercial panic in India; one after another the banks failed, and an appalling famine arose. It was well that a steady, resolute man was at the helm to take the vessel off the breakers.

In Orissa nearly a million souls perished through famine, for the responsible Lieutenant-Governor refused to believe that there was any need for exertion until it was too late.

In November 1866 Sir John Lawrence held a second Grand Durbar at Agra, and there in the name of the Queen he invested a number of Europeans and natives with the Star of India. One potentate who had been gazetted as a recipient of this honour was, in the Viceroy's opinion, undeserving of any reward; and although he yielded to the wishes of the Home Government, Lawrence plainly told the ruler what he thought about him.

He could strike when needful as well as speak, as appeared in 1867, when a prince, having ordered, or connived at, the murder of fourteen men, was deposed and banished forthwith. Whereat all the princes doubtless trembled, for they knew that should they offend, this plain, strong man would deal out like justice to them. In the same year the Abyssinian expedition was fitted out from India,

and under the conduct of Sir Robert Napier proved a brilliant success.

On the 1st of November 1867 Sir John Lawrence held the third and last of his great Durbars. This was at Lucknow, where his heroic brother Henry had died. Seven hundred elephants formed part of the Viceregal procession. After the procession of Talukdars, who had attacked the Residency, had filed past him, the Viceroy visited the spot where his brother's body had been laid amidst a pitiless fire. Such moments are too sacred for intrusion, when the heart yearns in vain—

> "For the touch of a vanished hand,
> For the sound of a voice that is still."

On the 28th of January 1868 the eldest daughter of Sir John Lawrence was married, and on the 25th of the following month Lady Lawrence left for England with her other daughters.

Concerning this parting Norman Macleod says of Sir John Lawrence, "I was greatly touched by his goodness, and I loved him the more when I saw him weeping as he parted for one year only with his wife and daughters."

Men exhibit emotion variously; it is indeed only a terrible sorrow that wrings tears from a man like John Lawrence. Such natures as his love intensely, and suffer in proportion when they part from their dear ones.

During the following year he laboured alone,—

his term of office expired on the 11th of January 1869. A farewell banquet was given in the Town Hall of Calcutta in honour of the Great Viceroy. On that occasion, in acknowledging the kind expressions that had fallen from the lips of the guests with regard to his life and work, Sir John urged, as a parting counsel, his countrymen "to be just and kind to the natives of India." This sentiment, which was characteristic of the man, was received with storms of applause, and no phrase so well describes his rule; he had been just and kind, both to the natives and to all with whom he had come into contact.

On the last day of his rule, Sir John stood with his son-in-law watching the troops preparing to welcome Lord Mayo, the new ruler. Colonel Randal asked his father-in-law as to what his feelings were now that he was about to surrender his authority. Sir John replied that thirteen years before he had asked precisely the same question of his friend Lord Dalhousie, who was about to give place to Lord Canning. "I wish that I were Canning, and Canning I, and then wouldn't I govern India!" was Lord Dalhousie's quick response. For himself, Lawrence declared that he did not desire to prolong his office, for he had felt the strain of work very much, and he feared if it continued that he would not be able then to leave the work as it was at the time of speaking. He concluded with the grand words, "I never cared

for,—I do not regret the resignation of all the state, pomp, power, or patronage which appertain to the office. It was a proud moment to me when I walked up the steps of this house, feeling, as I then did, that, without political interest or influence, I had been chosen to fill the highest office under the crown, as the Viceroy of the Queen; but it will be a happier moment to me when I walk down the steps with the feeling that I have tried to do my duty." That grand word "duty" was to him what it had been to his brother, and what it has ever been to Britons. So long as duty is to our people what it has been in the past, so long shall we continue to progress, and so long will our power solidify. For duty, after all, is the noblest watchword of life, and he alone is a hero who tries to do his duty. In whatever form duty comes to thee, even if it be but a menial task, let it be done well in the sacred name of duty. In whatever form the "But" comes into the life, bear it because it is thy duty so to do.

What is chiefly wanting is the high ideal of duty which underlay the Puritan strength. Whatever faults they may have had, the Puritans were strenuous in their attempts to be true, real, sincere, and unflinching in duty, whether they were in camp, pulpit, or at the stake. This is that which makes our nation what it is. "England expects that every man this day will do his duty."

On the 19th of January 1869 Sir John Lawrence looked for the last time upon the great continent

for which he had spent his strength during a period of fifty years.

During his voyage home Lord Lawrence stopped at Ceylon in order to visit the coffee-plantations. On the 15th of March he landed in England, broken in health by the unceasing toil of years of strain and anxiety. He had indeed given slices of himself to India, and paid for her welfare by draughts of his life and vigour. Now at last the peerage, which ought to have been given to him before, was granted by his friend the Duke of Argyll. King John chose the title "Lord Lawrence of the Punjab and of Grateley" as his style, the latter being the name of a small property that he had inherited from his sister. The Government were certainly not too liberal in their money grant; the annuity of £2000 which had been awarded him by the East Indian Company was commuted into a pension for his own and the succeeding life. Certainly the days for such outrageous grants as the Churchills and others have received for their services have passed; but between lavish waste and a due acknowledgment of what no Government ought to decline to reward, there is a vast difference.

In the year 1870 Lord Lawrence became the first chairman of the London School Board, and his wise control did not a little to determine the course of not only that, but of other School Boards throughout the country. It is due to him that on the question

of religious training the arrangement was made by which the Bible is read in Board Schools.

Infidels and others object to this, but then they also object to the dog-tax and to other levies; in fact, they object to everything.

There are some people whose life-mission seems to be that of objecting; they are born to move amendments. All very wise in their measure, but on a question such as that then under discussion there can be but two opinions. If the Bible be the religion of Protestants, we can safely leave the book to make its meaning known to the young as to the older heart. It is largely due to Lord Lawrence that it was decided "that the Bible should be read, and that there should be given such explanations and such instructions therefrom in the principles of morality and religion as are suited to the capacities of children."

Three years of service Lord Lawrence gave to the School Board, and then, in consequence of his bad health, he retired.

Yet even in his weakness he continued to work for the neglected and suffering, for indeed work had become a very necessity of existence with him.

In the year 1876 it seemed as if he must lose his sight; his eyes had been long and severely tried, and now he had to pay the penalty for overwork. If Milton were heroic in writing his book at the

cost of his eyesight, was not Lawrence equally so in giving his eyes for India?

Love is worth nothing that has not an element of sacrifice in it, and patriotism is not worth the name that does not involve pain. The man in America who talked about the sacrifices that he had made for the Union in sending his stepson to the war is a type of man whose patriotism is from the lips outward. Lord Lawrence said nothing about his love for his kind and land, but for them he paid in eyesight and life.

By a series of painful operations, he eventually regained some slight vision; but his sight never was strong from that time.

The policy that he had pursued in India was reversed by Lord Lytton and Lord Beaconsfield, and the false statements of the latter maddened the country into a demand for another Afghan war. It is scarcely probable that at the present date any Briton will justify the policy of the Government of that day, but at the time it was undoubtedly popular. Our nation is subject to periodical outbreaks of the Viking madness—a disposition to fight somebody or to destroy something. After a time the fever abates, and then the nation repents, forsakes the tombs and the fiends and sits down clothed and in its right mind.

It requires no small courage to interfere with the possessed at such times, for no chains have much virtue until the spasm has passed.

Yet Lord Lawrence and his friends ventured to make the attempt, and although at the time the task was highly dangerous and hopeless, it contributed to bring about a sane fit in time.

With a consummate mastery of facts, Lord Lawrence reviewed the whole question in the columns of the *Times*, and his predictions of what would follow if his advice were not taken have been unhappily justified.

It only remains to be said that his policy, as that of all previous Governors of India had been, was to confine ourselves to India itself, to do our utmost to strengthen our hold upon its peoples, and to maintain relations with the Afghans as a friendly although neutral power.

For a time the nation was deluded by Beaconsfield's epigram about a scientific frontier, for men are ruled by phrases—for a time. Experience shows the falsehood of the sham, and then the phrase is consigned to the Museum of Follies, to be labelled and gazed at by subsequent generations.

On the 16th of November 1878, Lord Lawrence, as the chairman of the Afghan Committee, asked for an interview with the Prime Minister. This Lord Beaconsfield refused, with the flippant wit that at times he supposed to be argument. The verdict of history has and will more and more justify the position then assumed by Lord Lawrence; it might almost be said that it has become part of the national policy.

In June 1879 Lord Lawrence took a chill, which was not at the time realised as the beginning of the end. On the 19th of the same month he went down to the House of Lords, and the newspapers of the day commented on his feeble voice, though no one believed that the speaker was really dying.

On the next day he went, in spite of his weakness, to the annual festival of the Asylum for Soldiers' children at Hampstead. Himself the son and brother of soldiers, he felt a keen interest in all that pertains to a life of arms. It is related that a soldier's widow, when dying, said that if only Lord Lawrence knew about her need, he would certainly see that her children did not starve. The poor woman's brother sent word to Lord Lawrence about this dying request, and, with the ready sympathy that he ever manifested to those in need, Lord Lawrence spent his waning strength in obtaining homes for the orphans.

On Friday the 26th of June 1879 the end of his life came, or rather the beginning of his higher and nobler service in the world of which we know so little. To the last he retained his strong affection for his wife; almost his last words were expressions of his love to her.

"Do you know me?" she asked.

"To my last gasp, my darling," he replied.

"Love is strong as death, many waters cannot quench love. Jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of

fire which hath a most vehement flame, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love it would utterly be condemned."

It now remains to view the life of Lord Lawrence as a whole, and to gather up, if possible, the important lessons that he is able to supply to all who come after him.

He was evidently endowed with an iron constitution, and, what was better, with a strong spirit. His was not one of the india-rubber natures that take shape as they are touched; there was little plastic or ductile in him. He was naturally of a hard, tough spirit, and all his faculties were of the same robust type. It is true that such natures miss the finer emotions; they are unable, of course, to admire æsthetic pictures or furniture, and they cannot perceive the niceties of wisdom and beauty that abound in all the creation of God. For their minds are set to huge enterprises, and the diamond drill that is set to cut through Mont Cenis cannot be adjusted to cut gems for a lady's trinket. Yet, while exquisite skill and taste will admire the delicacy of jewel-carving, the cutting of an alpine tunnel is more practically useful to men. Hard natures are wanted to cleave through the hard rocks, and to make the world happier and more fit for human abode.

Or, to change the figure entirely, just as in God's gardening the stones prevent the earth from caking, and so becoming barren, such natures render life

more fruitful in good works, to benefit God and man. It is simply the truth that God's providence requires such natures, and produces them for the completion and perfection of His work amongst men.

If we may so say it, the bases of his nature were strong, and because they were so, John Lawrence was able to develop and to use the highest qualities of statesmanship.

Sir Herbert Edwards, who knew John Lawrence well, speaks thus of his friend's father (and children are their parents with a difference) :—"In the natural powers and gifts which go to the making up of great men, he was as remarkable as any of his sons. But he lacked their advantages in early life. His merits and misfortunes won friends for *them* when friends can be of use. His deeds of personal valour, his wounds and scars, that gallant remnant of a hand with which he clasped his boys; his fireside tales of old campaigns and things that men endure for king and country; his high regard for truth and honour and contempt for knaves; his heart, so tender to give, and so tough to go without; his English sense of independence, come what might; the very sternness of his discipline, and the gloomy story of his wrongs—these are all memories sunk like foundation-shafts under the careers of the old veteran's children; and we who would rightly honour *them* must begin by honouring him." [1]

[1] "Life of Sir Henry Lawrence."

This is certainly true, and hence it is true for all time that a great man of the highest type is the son of a hero. It is the loftiest proof of Colonel Lawrence's character and worth that he had sons so noble and true. For if there be a crooked strand in a parent, it reappears in the children, just as family features are continued. The moral features of the old Colonel were those which, seen in a clearer light and under other conditions, were so admired in his sons.

Well does the writer whom we have before quoted say, "Nursed in the blow of Atlantic storms and buffeted by hardships all his life, the lot of Alexander Lawrence was just one of those which toughen households, and take noble vengeance on an unkind world by rearing great sons and daughters."

Let us not complain of the limitations and hardships of our lot, for we know not what may be the Divine pleasure to accomplish by means of them.

Then, too, we may attribute Lord Lawrence's success to his appetite for work. It is true there are men whose inherited tendencies are all slothful, and it is a harder task for them than for others to do a man's work with a man's heart. But it is the law of life that we should work, and only in work do we realise and enjoy our existence. The pleasures of life and its prizes belong to its workers alone, and to them only as the result of toil. Work, then, and thou shalt be happy. With Lord

Lawrence, behind the peerage and the almost universal admiration of good men lay years of diligent, painstaking, conscientious work. He won his place because he worked for it.

A man may leap into a place of fame by a stroke of genius or a freak of fortune, but he will slip down as speedily unless work sustain and justify success.

For example, John Foster, when he published his four essays, was at once acknowledged as a prophetic genius, but behind those essays lay years of thoughtful preparation and toil.

So, too, when Kingsley was complimented upon one of his works, he replied, "I have spared no pains about it."

It is not too much to say that nothing noble is unattainable, if so be that men will but pay for it with sufficient and noble work.

The conscientious discharge of his duties was as much the secret of Lord Lawrence's success as the touch of genius which recognised opportunities and knew how to utilise them to the very best advantage. His life-teaching to all men, young and old, is, "Work, work, work with all thy might at what is worthy of thy strength." There is work which is useless; call it not work but pastime. Work is the expenditure of strength, time, and talent for a worthy and useful purpose.

In estimating his character, we must not fail to recognise the fact that John, Lord Lawrence, was

governed by the highest principles. He was loyal to duty because it was duty, and not because of the advantage that it might be supposed to bring with it. In other words, the spring of his life was "It is right," and not "It pays." In the end, "It is right" always brings "It pays," for "It pays" is a deceit and a delusion. Recently the proprietor of a certain journal was remonstrated with upon the course his paper had taken. "True, it is wrong," he said, "but it pays; yes, it pays." There are few who care so boldly to avow their iniquity, but there is a danger lest an apparent present advantage should become the spring of life, and men work from policy instead of always acting from a sense of right.

"Be still, fond man, nor ask thy fate to know;
Face bravely what each God-sent moment brings:
Above thee rules in love, through weal and woe,
Ruling thy king and thee, the King of Kings."

It was this that led John Lawrence to endeavour to suppress wrong-doing in his small province, to administer even justice upon a small scale, as he afterwards governed the larger dominion that came into his hands:—

"For right is right, as God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

It is true that in many cases men do right and suffer for it, but seldom all through their lives. This is not, on the whole, a season of rewards and

punishments, but it is largely so. As a general principle, it is true that it is well with the righteous doer, and never well with the wicked. Therefore trust in God and do the right.

Underneath and above all there was his simple intense faith in God. To him the Bible itself was a living book, and he delighted to read it to the last. His principles were not the product, nor were they fed by religious books, but they sprang from and they were sustained by the Bible itself. Religious books have a place and use, but only because of the Bibline that they contain. The staple food of the highest life is found in the Bible, read not in tit-bits fashion, but diligently explored and studied as a whole, and as the expression of the one redemption by which sin is put away for all who believe. Within the boards of the Book there is room for the most delightful range of intellect, and, above all, by it we find Christ, who is the answer to every cry and the solace of every want of the human heart.

As a man, we place John Lawrence in a very high position; he was one of God's noblemen by right of the loftiest creation, and by virtue of the highest merits. Such men propagate an unconscious electricity of virtue through home, family, and nation, the last results of which can never be estimated.

As a statesman, John Lawrence is entitled to the high praise that history has condemned every depar-

ture from the practice, and justified the solid reasons upon which he based his policy. Bosworth Smith, whose biography has become a classic, speaks thus of Lord Lawrence:—"A man who never swam with the stream, who bravely strove to stem the current, and, regardless alike of popular and of aristocratic fame, pleaded with his latest breath for what he thought to be just and right. To the biography of men whose lives have been so strangely chequered, of men who have not so much made history, or become, as it were, a history in themselves, belongs of inherent right the highest interest and importance alike of history and of biography."[1]

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[1] "Life of Lord Lawrence."

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